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EFFECTS OF THE BOYCOTTING AGITATION.

AN UNPOPULAR WASHINGTON CLERGYMAN MADE TO FEEL ITS POWER THROUGH THE EFFORTS OF A FASHIONABLE CONGREGATION—SUCCESSFUL RESULTS OF FEMALE INFLUENCE.



RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.

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Address,

EDITOR *POLICE GAZETTE*,

183 William Street,

New York.

An anti-treating law is to be enforced in one of the western states. Its practicability will be watched with trembling interest by a horde of semi-respectable do-nothings, who throng the saloons of large cities with the hope of meeting the "alderman" or equally prominent man, and capturing a few cock-tails, while deciding the fate of the nation.

In Philadelphia, a few days ago, a man named Marshall was sentenced to five years' imprisonment for training boys to follow the profession of thieves. This ought to be a lesson to the professional Fagans of New York; but it will undoubtedly be wasted upon them, as they usually manage to escape the penalty of their crimes through the peculiar methods of administering New York law.

Justice is at last avenged. Few have forgotten the brutal murder of poor Ben Porter while protecting a lady of his theatrical company from the insults of a border ruffian in Texas, and the murderer's escape through connivance of a packed jury. But a just retribution followed the murderer and he has met a fate which was richly merited—an untimely end—being shot by a bar-tender while on a murderous spree.

Dr. Tanner's wonderful performance of fasting forty days has been entirely set in the shade by Mrs. Henry Ingram, of Battle Creek, Mich., who has abstained from food since October last and is still among the living. Another formidable rival is found in Miss Hattie Deuell, who has not spoken a word in two years and has not tasted food of any kind since February 27. The Doctor must now confess that the women are his superiors, at least in the fasting line.

But for the presence of mind and coolness of the employees of the Union Square Theatre, New York, on Saturday night last, the people of the country would have been startled with a repetition of the Brooklyn calamity. While the performance was in progress the presence of smoke was detected and the vast audience prepared for a rush for the doors, but coolness was counselled by the brave employees and instantly every means of egress was thrown open. The result of their prompt action was that every one of the large audience escaped without injury. A calamity was thus averted through the efforts of a few intrepid men.

A NEW CREED DEVELOPED.

At the present time Mormonism is imperilled by the President of the United States and the Governor of Utah on one hand, and James Madison Allen, of Ancora, N. J., on the other. The officers seek to wipe out the foul stain of Mormonism upon the name of the American people, while Mr. Allen menaces it by a new social system. The latter is very elaborate, and the inventors believe that in time it will supersede every form of religion, and revolutionize society in general. The system is a compound of socialism, communism and polygamy, and is simplified by being divided into seven parts in order to please the most fastidious.

There will be no war, murder, or capital punishment; "nature's divine law" will be the guiding star of the sect and crime will positively be prohibited. According to this latter day disciple the dress will be of a peculiar pattern, being a loose garment continuous from neck to ankle, made in two halves, both sexes to wear them alike. Priests, creeds, sectarianism and religious persecutions are to be unknown. Marriages are to be of the "harmonious monogamic kind" based on mutual affection and adaptation, and each person is to have a private apartment.

Considering the threatening attitude of the government to the Mormons, it would be well for the disciples of St. Brigham to investigate the mysteries of the new "inner light" discovery and give it a practical trial. They may thus find a way out of their present dilemma and be prepared for a fresh and long indulgence of their peculiar propensities before the government again wakes up to a knowledge of the debasing effects of such monstrous depravity. It might be well, however, to add for the benefit of any one who might be willing to embrace Mr. Allen's sensational doctrines that he now pines in jail for endeavoring to propagate his peculiar faith.

UNWELCOME IMPORTATIONS.

Action was taken recently by a town council of Switzerland in a matter of vital importance to the people of the United States. It was proposed at a meeting that two women of questionable character be sent to the United States at the expense of the town, and the suggestion was adopted. With it was a proviso that should they decline to go, they should be sent to prison. Naturally enough freedom and a foreign country were preferable, and the two women arrived at New York a few days ago. They are at present detained by the emigration authorities at Castle Garden, awaiting official action in the matter. According to correspondence between the New York and Washington authorities the national Government cannot take any official action in the case, and it remains for the local board to grapple with the subject. While honest and respectable people from every clime are welcome to our hospitable shores, we must emphatically protest against allowing any foreign power to "honor" us with the unwelcome presence of her criminals. Foreign nations must be taught that we have more than a sufficiency of that class ourselves which are well able to supply all our wants—and their own too. Let the New York emigration commissioners send the two women back immediately, and thus probably save the city from having the name of being the refuge of the scum of the world.

GAVE HIMSELF AWAY.

A Publisher Arrested on his Own Admissions to Unseen Hearers.

J. Newt Gibson, printer, is a much arrested man. He was pulled last week at the instance of Bruce McDonald, charged with slandering the latter in a nasty little paper clandestinely printed and styled "The Reformer." Mac alleging that Gibson is the author of the vile sheet. Gibson gave bail. Mrs. Sue Harding then filed a similar complaint against Gibson, and he was re-arrested and gave bond for his appearance. At the trial Gibson was granted a

change of venue. The cases were then continued until March 5th.

Mr. Gibson has heretofore borne a fair reputation, and has many friends. Notwithstanding this, several good witnesses say McDonald has Gibson "dead to rights." Frank Newby, druggist, is intimately acquainted with Gibson, and got him into his store, had a number of concealed witnesses, and, it is said, Gibson told all about it to Newby, and, unconsciously, to the concealed listeners overhead. The cases have created considerable excitement, and endeavors are being earnestly made to find some others interested in the Reformer.

SUCCESSFUL ELOPEMENT.

Two Loving Hearts Firmly Bound Together Notwithstanding the Opposition of a Father-in-Law—All Forgiven and Forgotten.

Miss Mamie Dobson (that was) is the daughter of Mr. James Dobson, a well known carpet manufacturer of Philadelphia, Pa. She has been the pet and pride of East Schuylkill Falls, on the brow of which her parents' magnificent mansion is located. Among her male friends has been numbered Mr. Thomas Jeffries, a young man of twenty-two summers, son of Mr. Jeffries, the car-spring manufacturer.

Young Jeffries, who is represented as being a man of exemplary habits, lived with his parents in the family mansion at West Manayunk, within easy distance of the Dobsons. Hence his visits were frequent; walks and rides they took together, love followed friendship, and a mutual troth was plighted. This was only a week or two back. An early marriage was talked over and finally agreed upon. But the lady's father did not take kindly to the alliance. Mamie, he thought, was too young to thoroughly comprehend the duties and responsibilities of the wedded state. Moreover, in an indulgent father's eyes, she was inclined to be delicate rather than robust. More than all, Thomas, so he thought, had hardly arrived at years of discretion in the management of a wife. Hence his ultimatum: "You musn't get married for a year at least. Then, if you're both of the same mind, I'll think over it."

The lovers appeared to acquiesce. On Thursday morning last Thomas called at the house. When he left he had Mamie for company. The couple talked in low tones as they went along. Their footsteps directed them toward the depot, where a convenient train happened along and they entered a car. At Germantown Station they alighted. Another convenient train was standing on the Pennsylvania track. They hastily scrambled into the parlor car, and the impatient engine bore them away. Mamie did not present herself as usual at the dinner-table that day. At supper she was also absent. Thomas was also missed at the Jeffries mansion.

Both families sent a messenger in quest of the truants. The searchers met and exchanged notes. These, supplemented by inquiries made in the neighborhood, gave a clew to the mysterious disappearance. Nothing definite was heard, however, until Friday, when Mr. Dobson received a telegram dated St. James Hotel, New York, and signed by his daughter, setting forth that she and Thomas had been legally made one. The next train took the father to Gotham, and not a day too soon, for they had already provided themselves with tickets for a trip to Europe. A few words of parental counsel, however, were sufficient to induce them to forego the journey, and after a little more coaxing they willingly consented to turn their faces homeward. Father, daughter, and son-in-law accordingly journeyed in company back to Philadelphia, and Saturday the trio, as they drove through the village with their faces wreathed in smiles, were kept busy nodding responses to the respectful salutations of the work people at the big mill.

A WIFE'S WEAKNESS.

Caught With Her Paramour in a Trap Set By the Injured Husband.

For some time rumor has coupled the name of Mr. C. Robinson (who is employed as a clerk in the Pullman Car office, Montreal, Ca.) with that of a wife of one of the conductors of the same company, Rose by name. The rumor was proved on Sunday last, the erring couple falling into the trap laid for them by the injured husband. The ruse adopted by Rose was that he received a telegram purporting to have been sent from New York, asking him to go at once to that place to close arrangements about a theatrical engagement.

Rose started by the 3 o'clock train, thus leaving the coast clear for the couple. Robinson did not, however, take advantage of the opportunity till the day after Rose's departure. Rose, in the meantime, could not have gone far and had left a person to watch his house, and on Robinson putting in an appearance was notified when he started for home, and on forcing his way in was satisfied that for once rumor had not lied. A fracas was the result and Rose started his wife off to Detroit by the first train, and has handed his house over to the auctioneer and thus one more home is ruined.

SEASONING.

It is very mean to ask a man whose wife is a shrew if it is hot enough for him, or if it's scold enough for him.

"I WAS down once myself," remarked a feather in a lady's hat, when it saw her take a seat on the icy pavement.

A MAN having fallen down in a fit in a tailor's shop, an envious rival said: "That's the only fit ever seen in that establishment."

AND now the plumber combs his hair

And dons his stiff-starched collar,
Then waltzes down and draws a check
For fifty thousand dollars.

A MARRIED woman said to her husband: "You have never taken me to the cemetery." "No, dear," replied he, "that is a pleasure I have yet in anticipation."

It would be quite easy to pay the national debt by imposing a tax on beauty. There isn't a woman living in the country who wouldn't demand to be assessed.

SOME enterprising traders are filling old honeycombs with glucose and shipping them to Europe labeled "California honey." At present the enterprise is said to be very profitable.

HIGH SCHOOL girls in Springfield, Mass., are accused of carrying on high with the boys on the streets, by "exchanging significant glances," and if they do it any more they will be suspended.

A YOUNG lady who didn't admire the custom in vogue among her sisters of writing a letter, and then cross-writing it to illegibility, said she would prefer her epistles "without an over-skrut."

A KANSAS CITY evangelist wears bright feathers in his hat, huge green goggles over his eyes, and at his belt a can of water, with which to baptise converts before they have time to backslide.

AN ambitious girl in Dubuque

Fell in love with a dear foreign duke.
When she learned that his cash
Was all earned slinging hash,
She kicked like a Bash-Bazook.

A POOR old rheumatic lady said to her physician: "Oh! doctor, doctor, I suffer so much with my hands and feet!" "Be patient, dear madam," he soothingly responded, "you'd suffer a great deal more without them."

You may say what you please, but there is luck in horseshoes. A woman nailed one up against the woodshed a month ago, and last week her husband eloped with the hired girl. The man has not earned a cent in two years.

LETTER from his well-beloved to a young gummy: "Finally, my ownest own, understand that I love you more for your defects than for your moral qualities, and thus judge of the boundlessness of my love for you."

"GOOD morning, Willie," said the pastor, saluting the boy affectionately. "I suppose the folks are all well at home?" "Pretty well," returned Willie, "the cook's drunk, sister Sal's got the measles and ma jawed the old man sick last night."

"My wife won't hear of my going to the theatre with another lady," said Johnson. Ragbag didn't seem to construe Johnson's remark aright, for he said: "Won't, eh? Don't be too sure of it. I thought my wife wouldn't, but she did, and I had a fearful time of it."

A WIDOWER's courtship: "Ned," she said to him, pensively, in a tone implying total lack of confidence in herself, "I don't think I can ever be to you what your first wife was." "Great Caesar, Mary," was the enthusiastic response, "if I thought that I'd marry you to-morrow."

"Oh, where is my boy to-night—

Where is my tender youth a-roaming?"

A mother sang in anxious tones,

At the twilight's yellow gloaming.

Well, that fragile youth was a mile away,

Quite comfortably fixed, you see,

With a bouncing girl of 200 pounds

A hovering on his knee.

WHY is it that a young man who wouldn't carry a bundle up-town to save his life, who even had two cigars sent home by express, will carry one hundred and fifty pounds of pretty female across a muddy street, and be glad to do it? Why is it? we ask.—*Ohio Logan.*

SHE laid her cheek on the easy chair back against his hair and murmured: "How I do love to rest thus against your dear head, Augustus!" "Do you?" said he, "it is because you love me, darling." "No, because it is so nice and soft." Then he lay and lay, and thought and thought.

A LAWYER's brief is very long,

And Mr. White is black,

A man is dry when he is green,

And when he's tight he's slack,

A fire is hot when it is cooled,

A lamp is heavy though it's light,

A shoe is bought when it is sold,

A man can see when out of sight.

Two country spinsters were stopping at a friend's house in Boston after their return from a scientific lecture. They occupied the same apartment, and shortly after midnight one of them started up, and awaking the other, exclaimed in great trepidation: "Betsey, I believe there is a man under the bed!" Betsey merely raised her finger in an admonitory way, and replied: "Don't you make a noise then, Jane, you may scare him away."

ONLY a hair on his shoulder,

Long, and wavy, and brown;

Only a cock-and-bull story

In exchange for his wife's deep frown.

Only a broken broomstick

Wildly waved in the air;

Only a strip of court-plaster—

His wife had discovered the hair.

"RED as a rose is she." Several gentlemen were standing on the corner of Galveston avenue, when one of the most fashionable ladies of Galveston passed on the sidewalk. "Ah!" exclaimed one of the gentlemen, "what a complexion! There is nothing to beat it in Galveston. I am proud of that woman, I am." "Are you her husband?" asked a stranger. "No, sir." "Her father, then?" "No, sir; I am no relation to her, but I am proud of her complexion. I am the druggist that sold it to her. I made it myself."—*Galveston News.*

THE TOMBS.

Its History, Romances and Mysteries.

Life and Death in New York's Famous Jail.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CHASTINE COX'S CRIME.

About 7 o'clock on the morning of the 11th of June, 1879, Mrs. Jane De Forest Hull was found dead in her bedroom at her residence, 140 West Forty-second street. The unfortunate lady when discovered was bound hand and foot, her feet being tied separately with strong strips of sheeting, one to each side of the bed. Her hands were tied tightly at the wrists and crossed over her breast, a piece of sheeting was fastened over her mouth, and she was blindfolded. Her body was quite cold when found. A trunk beside the bed was open and had been rifled of its contents, while many little things in it of no value to anyone except the owner were scattered about the room. The woman had apparently died by violence, after which the diamond and emerald rings which she wore had been forced from her hand.

Two rings—one a cluster diamond and the other an emerald—which she wore had been forcibly taken away, and in the act her finger had been badly torn. Her gold watch and chain, a mosaic ring with a full-length figure of a dancing girl, two solitaire diamond rings, a pair of cameo ear-rings, and a whole set of amber jewelry, except the buttons, were carried away. The greater part of the jewelry, the total value of which would certainly not exceed \$1,000, was in the drawer of a cabinet in the dining-room. It must have been opened with keys, for it was not open. On top of this same cabinet there was some eighteen large pieces of silver plate which were not disturbed. On the other side of the room almost directly opposite and close by the fire-place there was a small bureau in which was kept a quantity of knick-knacks and a great many pieces of old-fashioned jewelry of little intrinsic value. This bureau was not touched, nor was the pictures on the wall, nor in fact anything else in the house, except the trunk in the bedroom and the cabinet in the drawing-room interfered with.

Several days passed without the discovery of any clue to the perpetrator of the crime.

On the 16th of June, five days after the murder, a colored man went into a pawnbroker's shop at the corner of Merrimac and Market streets, Boston, and offered for pawn a set of cameo jewelry, upon which he got \$6. While in the store the negro pulled out a watch, and the broker offered to purchase that or take it in pawn. But the negro declined, saying that it belonged to his sister. Mr. Sternberg, the pawn-broker, took it in his hand, and noticed that there were several initials on it.

Next day the pawnbroker received a circular from the New York Police, describing the objects stolen from Mrs. Hull, and as the description tallied with those in the negro's possession he notified the chief of police of the fact. A search was made for that person but six days passed without bringing him to light.

On June 23rd, W. R. Balch, a newspaper man, who had learned some details of the story, met Detective James R. Wood, and said, "Wood, I've got the details of the Hull story, and I'm going to publish them." Wood, fearing that the publication would interfere with the work he had on hand, upon Balch's promising not to publish the matter until the arrest had been made, gave him all the details of the case. Sternberg was with Wood at the time, and gave Balch every possible detail of the personal appearance of the negro, describing the peculiarities of his dress, voice and features.

About 8 o'clock that evening Mr. Balch was strolling along Shawmut avenue, when he saw two negroes in conversation. Going up to them, he inquired the way to Bunker Hill street, two miles distant from where they were standing. One immediately answered that he was a stranger in Boston, and could not direct him.

"A stranger, eh?" said Balch, "Where do you hail from?"

"I am from New York," replied the negro. Something in the negro's manner aroused the keen newspaper man's suspicions, and he shadowed the pair. They went on down the street, and entered a church. As soon as both were inside, Balch hurried off and informed Detective Wood. Wood went to the church, saw his man sitting there, and sent the sexton to him, to ask him to step to the door. The negro came out promptly, and Wood arrested him.

When they arrived at the station the detective proceeded to search him, and the first article taken was the watch.

"Where's the rest of the Hull jewelry?" asked the officer.

The negro started back astonished, and at

once weakened. He fully confessed his crime, and related just how he committed the deed.

He was a Virginia darkey; his name was Chastine Cox. He had been employed by Mrs. Hull as a servant and had become familiar with all her habits and with the places where she kept her valuables. He had entered the house by a front parlor window for the purpose of plundering it, and becoming alarmed by his victim waking up while he was rifling the bedroom had silenced her by the effectual process of smothering her to death.

Cox was brought to trial on July 14, 1879, before Judge Cowing in the general sessions, Lawyer Howe acting as his counsel. After a fair trial he was found guilty, and sentenced to be hung on the 29th of August, 1879. An appeal was taken by his counsel, and the execution was deferred. The appeal not being sustained, Cox was again brought into court and re-sentenced to be hung on July 16, 1880.

Mr. Howe had made strenuous efforts to obtain a commutation of the sentence to imprisonment for life, but the Governor was inexorable.

Cox employed his time in religious exercises, and frequently expressed his faith in a happy hereafter.

He awoke on the morning of July 16, 1880, having apparently passed a quiet night, and did not give any visible evidence of fear. When the time came he walked to the fatal spot beneath the scaffold in a faltering manner, and a slight tremor passed through his frame when the noose was adjusted. At a signal the weight was sprung and Chastine Cox was launched into eternity. The brutal murder of Mrs. Hull had been avenged.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PIETRO BALBO'S WIFE BUTCHERY.

About one o'clock on the afternoon of October 1, 1879, the police authorities at the Oak street station were notified that the wife of Pietro Balbo, an Italian, living at 14 Rose street, had been murdered.

Captain Petty at once proceeded to the house which has since been torn down to make way for the Brooklyn Bridge. On the bed, near the door, lay the uncovered body of a young woman of eighteen, the legs hanging over the edge of the bed so that the feet nearly touched the floor. A gash on the left side of the neck had cut the jugular vein almost in two. The bedding was saturated with blood, which had also spurted into a great blotch on the floor. On the left side of the face were two small wounds, and the palm of the right hand was cut clear across the bone, evidently as if in the last attempt to defend herself, the woman had grasped the knife with which she had been murdered. The knife was found on the floor by the bedside, and near by it a leather case for the blade. The weapon was new.

The unfortunate woman and her husband did not live happily together, the husband accusing her of being unfaithful to her marital vows. Stories of frequent visits from males of her own nationality came to the ears of the jealous young husband, who during the day was employed as a laborer in tearing down the buildings that lay in the way of the great bridge. It was known that he was at home on the night of the tragedy but he was missing when it was discovered.

The Italian quarters in Brooklyn and New York were thoroughly hunted through, but the search was unavailing. Descriptions of him were sent to the different cities, and a clue to his whereabouts was finally obtained. He had left New York immediately after the assassination for Baltimore. Becoming uneasy he left that city and went to Wheelington, West Virginia, where he was captured by Detective Carr.

When arrested he admitted his crime, but declared that it was done in self-defence. He stated that when he arrived home from work his wife began quarreling with him and threatened to kill him; that she attacked him, and was biting his finger, when he drew a dagger and stabbed her.

After a fair trial at the general sessions he was pronounced guilty and sentenced to death by hanging. Justice Pratt, of Brooklyn, granted a stay of proceedings, and his case was carried to the Court of Appeals. This court failed to find any reason why the original sentence of death should not be carried out, and he was sentenced to suffer death on the 6th of August.

A petition to the Governor was extensively circulated throughout the city, asking for a change of the sentence to imprisonment for life. A great deal of sentimental clap-trap was also employed, but it failed to influence the Governor into interfering with the degree of the court which tried him. Accordingly, on the 27th of July, 1880, Deputy Sheriffs Ahern and Whitehead presented Warden Finn with a warrant from Sheriff Bowe demanding the surrender to them of Balbo and the death watch was begun.

Notwithstanding these preparations for his death, the Italian still hoped that the Governor would conclude to interfere. This hope was blasted on the 2nd of August, by a dispatch from Albany, stating that Governor Cornell had failed to find any reason why he should interfere with the execution of the law. Contrary to expectations Balbo evinced great coolness when the announcement was made to him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN INHUMAN BRUTE.

The Frightful Sufferings of an Imbecile Son at the Hands of His Father.

An account of an aggravated case of unnatural and inhuman treatment of a son by a father as is on record comes from Massillon, Ohio. The victim is a young man named Frank Dennis, about twenty-two years of age. His mother died in giving birth to him, in the village of Navarre, five miles south of Massillon. He was adopted by Andrew Stahl who kept a hotel in the town, and lived with him until two years ago, when Mr. Stahl died. After he had grown to boyhood he took care of the horses and did odd work about the house, and although never a very bright lad, he was not considered an imbecile by those who knew him.

When Mr. Stahl died Frank was sent by friends to his parents' home, near Roanoke, Ind., his father having married again and being the possessor of a two hundred-acre farm, well stocked. With the exception of several letters from his parents, nothing was heard of the young man by his friends until one night lately when he called at the house of P. J. Albright, President of the German Deposit Bank, in this city. Mr. Albright is married to a daughter of Frank's foster parent, and knew the boy and took him in. When he left here he weighed one hundred and sixty pounds, whereas his weight when he returned was about eighty pounds.

In addition to his emaciated condition his hands and feet had been frozen last winter. No care had been taken of them. His fingernails are falling off, several toes will probably have to be amputated, and he was in such a pitiable state generally as to be entirely helpless. After being assured by Mr. Albright that he would not be sent back to his father, the young man detailed the brutal treatment to which he had been subjected. While he would be at work in the field it was a common occurrence for his father to knock him down with a pitchfork. He says he never got but one meal in the two years which satisfied his appetite and that was a mess of rabbits, which others of the family could not eat. On one occasion he stole a ham out of the brine and ate it raw when he could so without detection, and many times to keep away starvation he would eat the bread and milk which he was given to feed the calves.

Dr. Reed was called to see the young man and he says he has not seen a case which so nearly approached death from starvation since he had treated soldiers who had been in Libby Prison. Good care is being taken of the patient by Mr. and Mrs. Albright, and under the sustenance derived from square meals each day he is rapidly recovering his normal condition.

MORPHINED BY A MISCREANT,

And Wronged while Her Husband Sat in an Adjoining Room—Hemp Medicine Wanted by a Peddler.

Henry Warner, of Sedalia, Mo., was arrested at Harrisonville, Cass County, Mo., on a charge of committing a rape upon Mrs. Culbertson, of that county, under most revolting circumstances. Sedalia merchants identified Warner. He is an itinerant horse-dealer and medicine-peddler, and travels through the country constantly.

It seems he went to the house of Mrs. Culbertson, near Harrisonville, and represented himself as the brother of a deceased doctor who had formerly attended her. He thus gained the confidence of the husband and wife. He took Mrs. Culbertson into a private room, and gave the woman a dose of morphine or some other narcotic. While she was in a half-conscious and weak state he outraged her person. Warner then came out of the room, and told the husband his wife would wake up in a few hours all right. He then laid down to sleep.

The woman awoke from her stupor sooner than Warner had expected, and told her husband what the scoundrel had done. Culbertson went for a gun to kill Warner, and while he was gone the latter awoke, hitched up his team and fled. A posse got after him, and ran him into Harrisonville, where he was arrested. When the people learned the details of his crime, the wildest excitement prevailed, and it was with difficulty that the officers could keep them from killing Warner. He is a low-bred, cunning fellow, who is always in some trouble, and is detested by the entire community. A year ago a farmer of Johnson County gave Warner a terrible beating for making indecent proposals to his wife, while she was alone in the house. Warner has a wife and three children in this city.

BRAVELY DEFENDING HER HONOR.

A Fiend's Crime Averted—Summary Vengeance on the Culprit.

Intelligence was received at Atlanta, Ga., of a shocking attempt at rape near the town of Sparta, Hancock County, and the speedy administration of justice. A negro named Barnes, notoriously impudent and about twenty years of age, met in the main road ten miles from Sparta a beautiful seventeen-year-old

girl of remarkably handsome figure and the highest social standing. He passed her, but so inviting was the fair vision that he abruptly turned, and, quickly approaching her, began a fierce assault upon her person with intent to rape. He first struck her down and then beat her in the most brutal manner, almost tearing her clothes from her body; but she was a robust, brave girl, and resisted the demon frantically, preventing the accomplishment of his foul purpose until her strength gave way, when he would undoubtedly have ravished her but for the appearance of some gentlemen who were passing that way, and, hearing her screams for help, hastened to her rescue.

The fiend sought safety in flight, but was quickly overtaken, brought back and promptly identified by the young lady, after which he made a full confession of the entire proceeding. He appeared doggedly indifferent, and when asked why he attempted the crime replied, "I don't know. I suppose the devil got into me." The next morning the would-be ravisher, Barnes, was found suspended from a tree in the immediate vicinity of his crime, with countless bullet holes through his body. The beaten body, bruised face, and swollen features of the girl tell how desperate was her struggle for that which is better than life with the brutal victim of Judge Lynch. When found the head of Barnes was only hanging to his body by a strip of membrane.

PECULIAR PRACTICE OF A PHYSICIAN.

His Antidote for Credulous Patients—Unfortunate Law Defects.

The town of Vineland, N. J., is very much astir over the news of an outrage perpetrated in Malaga, Gloucester county, a small town near that place. A young married woman of Malaga called on Dr. Smith, of that town, for advice and treatment for a uterine trouble, when the doctor, insisting upon it that it was the treatment required in the case, committed what was virtually a rape upon her. The woman went home and told her husband about the matter, and he had the doctor arrested, examined and bound over to appear before the next term of court. The doctor, on his examination, made affidavit that this was the method of treatment always pursued by him in like cases. He was sent to jail, but afterward released on bail.

The unfortunate part of the affair is that the law does not recognize as rape an act of this sort, in which there is even so slight a measure of consent on the part of the woman, and, in the present instance, while exercising his superior physical strength, he also took advantage of the woman's ignorance and credulity to convince her that it was both necessary and right. It is, however, in its features, more aggravating than an ordinary case of rape, for the doctor has violated the sanctity of the relations of physician and patient, more sacred even than those of pastor and parishioner.

DISGUSTING DEATH OF A GLUTTON.

Cramping Himself With Beer and Bologna and Then Laid Down to Die.

One of the most curiously horrible and disgusting deaths one hears of occurred in Canton, Ohio. Joseph Little, aged 22, entered the saloon of MacDorne, on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroad, near Cherry street. Little ate considerable bologna sausage and then crammed himself full with bread and beer—more of the latter than the former. Leaving the saloon he, it seems, went to a near by alley and laid down to die, for he was soon after found there dead, his body being swollen and disgustingly unnatural.

Suspensions of foul play were indulged in quite generally until a post-mortem examination was made. The coroner says that bologna was found entirely undigested upon examination, and had prevented the passing of the beer, which, fermenting, swelled the viscera to an abnormal condition, and so much distorted did it become that the lungs were crowded and the process of respiration was thus rendered difficult, and finally impossible. The unfortunate man, consequently, died from "want of breath."

PLEASURES RUDELY DISTURBED.

May and December Who Elope are Caught in an Embarrassing Predicament.

Quite a breeze was caused at Lundy's Hotel, Pittsburg, Pa., a few days ago, by the arrest of a white-haired man named Samuel Lowry, aged sixty years, and a beautiful girl with blonde tresses named Alice Williams, who is sixteen years old. The parties are both from Johnstown, Pa., and eloped from that place. Upon arriving there they occupied a room at the hotel designated, as man and wife, and were disagreeably surprised when Chief of Police Harris, of Johnstown, accompanied by a sturdy young man who is one of Lowry's nine children, appeared on the scene and routed them out of bed.

The old man opened the door and faced the music, while the girl sought to conceal herself behind the bureau. They were marched to the depot and taken to their respective homes. Lowry is a prominent citizen of Cameron county, Pa., and the girl is the daughter of a gentleman equally well known.



A NEW YORK BELLE TAKES A TUMBLE,
BUT THE FEAT IS PERFORMED SO GRACEFULLY THAT THE
SPECTATORS ARE DISAPPOINTED.

A New York Belle Takes a Tumble.

Now and then the susceptible or impressive New York society reporter is called upon to record an accident to one of the *haut ton*. The amount of society intelligence respecting Miss D'Argent, the rich banker's daughter, which he manages to smuggle into a paragraph, relating her tumbling off her pony in Fifth avenue amounts to little less than an exhibition of scientific reportorial padding. We have laughed at London penny-a-liners, but look at the following, copied verbatim from one of the great New York dailies, with the exception of the lady's name, whom we will call D'Argent.

"Miss D'Argent, youngest daughter of Mr. Bullion D'Argent, the banker, and prominent in an exclusive circle of New York society, met with an accident on Thursday afternoon which would have terminated disastrously to a less accomplished horsewoman. The society in which she moves is devoted to the culture of athletic exercise, and the young lady herself is famed as one of the most daring riders who attend the meets of the Queen's County Hunt (*antiseed runs*), besides being something of an expert at polo, a game in which ladies rarely excel. Her sorrel ponies are familiar figures on Fifth avenue, and scarcely a day passes without a jaunt to the Central Park. In these excursions she is attended by her groom, James Snooks, and sometimes by parties of friends.

"A little after four o'clock on Thursday—an hour when the avenue was crowded with carriages and pedestrians—Miss D'Argent was riding past the Hotel Brunswick. The pavement—an imitation of that of Paris—was moist with recent rains and slippery. In turning the corner of Twenty-sixth street the pony slipped, lost his balance, came first to his



MURDERED MARY SENEFF'S GHOST.

THE STARTLING APPARITION WHICH WAS DISTINCTLY
SEEN BY CITIZENS OF STONE CREEK, O.



JAMES ORR,

ALLEGED EMBROIDERER, CHARGED BY A NEW YORK HIDE
FIRM WITH MISAPPROPRIATING \$45,000.

knees with the momentum of a canter suddenly arrested, and then rolled over upon his side (admirable description of a tumble). The scene was transformed in an instant into one of hurry and terror; the windows of the Hotel Brunswick were lined with frightened spectators (front seats were demanded at fabulous prices) and ladies, not knowing what other measures to take, screamed and turned away their faces—poor things. With presence of mind, as the animal fell, Miss D'Argent started to disengage her foot from the stirrup, but in doing so she lost her balance, and was precipitated to the pavement. Miss D'Argent was taken home by the groom in a half unconscious condition, and the family physician was summoned. After a careful examination the doctor concluded that no critical injuries had been sustained, but dressed the cuts and prescribed rest. All day Thursday cards of condolence and congratulations on her fortunate escape poured in upon the D'Argent.

Fostoria, Ohio, has another disgraceful sensation. A girl of 15 years gave birth to a healthy eight-pound child, whose father is claimed to be a cousin named Zigler. The affair created quite a breeze, on account of the youth and remarkable peculiarity of the mother, connected with the high respectability of the family. The young mother, though but 15 years old, weighs 270 pounds, being one of the most corpulent persons in the State. Several enterprising show managers repeatedly offered the parents a handsome sum if they would consent to allow this girl to travel with them.



WARNING TO EMOTIONAL LOVERS.
A YOUNG LADY DIES WHILE BEING HUGGED BY HER LOVER
AFTER NAMING HER WEDDING DAY, NEAR
KEOKUK, IOWA.



AN UNWILLING RUNAWAY BRIDE.

TWO LOVING HEARTS SUDDENLY SEPARATED THROUGH THE
CARELESSNESS OF THE BRIDEGROOM—HIS FAILURE
TO OVERTAKE THE TRAIN, SIDNEY, ME.

Prof. John Donaldson.

Prof. John Donaldson, of Cleveland, Ohio, stands 5 feet 10 1/2 inches in height, and weighs in condition 160 lbs. He is well known throughout the United States and Canada as a clever boxer. He is a well formed athletic-looking Hercules, possessed of great muscular development, and in numerous contests in the ring he has proved that he is a pugilist of note. He has figured five times in the ring.

Donaldson's first battle was a glove fight with Dan Carr, in Cleveland, seven rounds in 23 minutes. He next beat Bryan Campbell in Bradford, Pa., winning in three rounds in 11 minutes. He then beat Blufft Boyd at Buffalo, N. Y., May 26, 1880, the fight lasting but 2 minutes and 45 seconds, Boyd being knocked out in the first round. He then fought Jim Taylor at Mt. Clemens, Mich., in August, 1880. They fought five rounds, occupying six minutes. Taylor was knocked down in every round, and out of time in the last one. In this battle Donaldson proved he was a terrific hitter.

Donaldson's last fight was with John L. Sullivan, of Boston, styled the "Boston Giant," who is 22 years of age, stands nearly six feet in height, and weighs 212 lbs. The pugilists fought for a purse at Cincinnati, Ohio, December 23, 1880. The battle was conducted according to the rules of the London Prize Ring, and hard gloves were used. Unusual interest was manifested in the affair, as Sullivan is regarded as one of the best boxers living. Sullivan had bested every man so far that he had sparred with. Paddy Ryan refused to spar with him at Springfield, Mass., while he made a shuttle-cock of George Rooke when they met, and then he only used one hand on him. When he sparred with Joe Goss he knocked him senseless in the second round, and when Joe came to he would not consent to wind up with Sullivan until the latter had promised to "play light."

The battle between Sullivan and Donaldson was a short and one-sided affair. Dan Crutchley, the English pugilist, and Abe Smith seconded Donaldson, while Jack Moran and Tom Ryan seconded Sullivan. Donaldson made a plucky fight, and after eleven rounds were fought, in twenty minutes, Donaldson was knocked out of time by a "steam-hammer" blow from Sullivan's right hand.

Tarred and Feathered in Bed.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Cantine were tarred and feathered at their home at Mackey's Corners, Schoharie county, on the night of Wednesday, March 9.

The woman thus described the outrage:

"My husband and I," she said, "went to bed as usual, little suspecting that there was anybody in Schoharie county wicked enough to break into our house and molest us. Our bed is in an alcove in the kitchen. My husband's sister, a girl of about 10 years old, was sleeping with us on the back side of the bed, because it was very cold and she dreaded to sleep alone. We were all asleep, and I suppose it was about midnight. We were awakened by a shout and the bursting in of the door next to the woodshed. A foot of snow had fallen that night, and of course we couldn't have heard footsteps as they approached the house. I looked up and saw a crowd of men coming into the kitchen. One of them had a dark lantern, which threw a circle of light on our bed. Some of them had masks on, and all of them had their faces blackened. They wore their clothes inside out, so that it was impossible to see at first who any of them were. Four of them had butcher knives in their hands, and two had clubs. My husband raised himself up on his elbow, and seeing that something was wrong, said:

"Boys, you want to get right out of here!"

"He is only 22 years old, and I am only 19.

He would have been able to protect himself from any one of them, or any two for that matter, but they gave him no chance. The first thing they did was to brandish knives in his face, and threaten that if he made any resistance

they would kill him. I forget the exact words they used, but it was to the effect that they wouldn't hesitate to kill us if we made any noise or showed fight. This was all done in a very short time. One of the men struck my

husband in the face with his fist, and then all four grabbed him by his arms and legs and pulled him out on the floor and stripped him. He kept saying:

"Boys, let me up—boys, let me up."

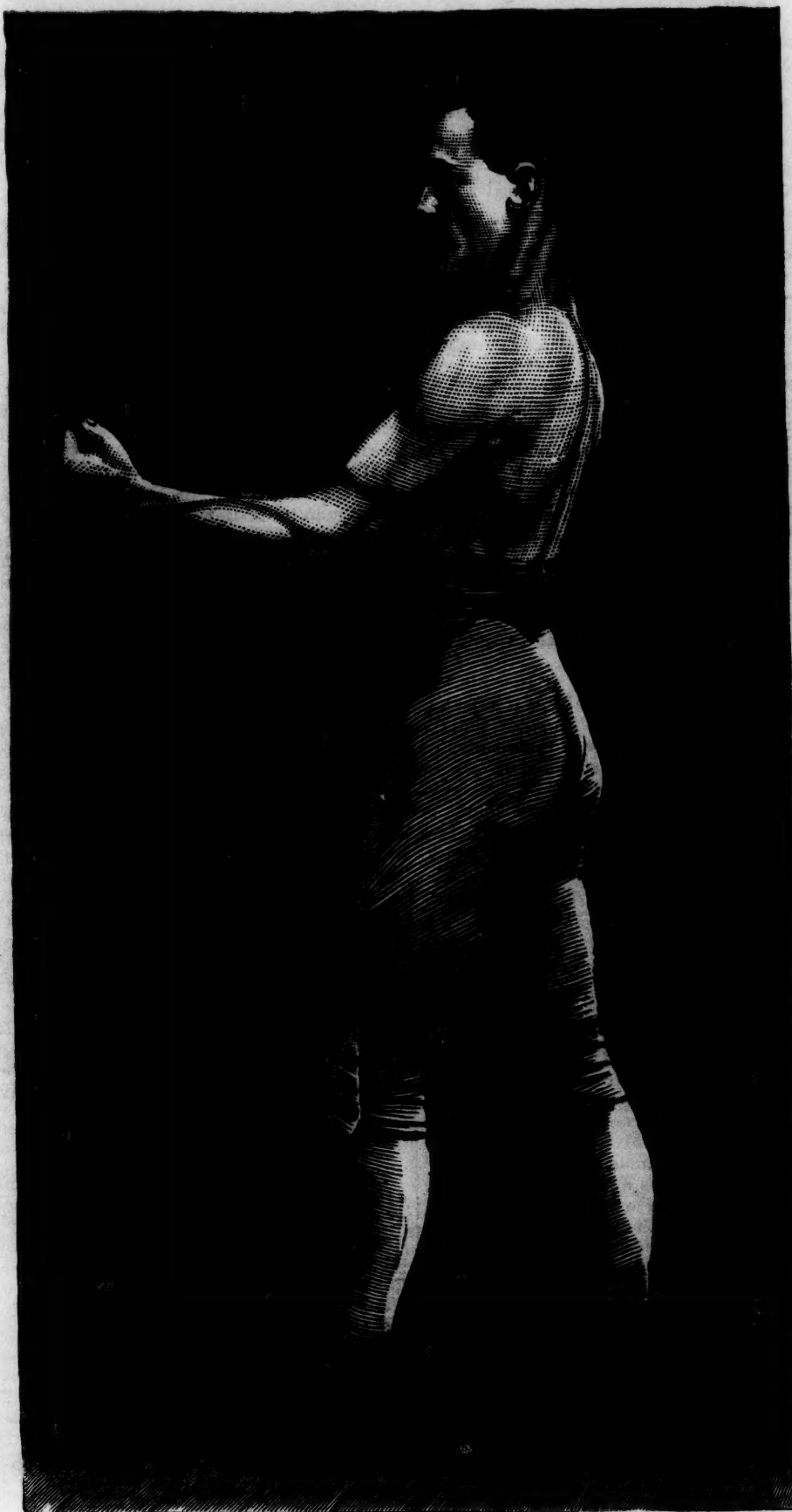
"He did not shout very loud, because, I suppose, he was afraid to. They threw him over, face down, on the floor, and held him there while they put the tar and feathers on him. There were eight men in all. As soon as the first four had pulled my husband out of bed, four seized me and pulled me out. Two of them held my arms down by my sides as I sat on the side of the bed. Only one man handled the tar, and so I had to sit on the edge of the bed and see my husband ill-treated. There were pint cups of tar. One cupful they used on him, and the other one on me. I think the man who put the tar on is Oscar D. Jackson because he had mittens on such as Jackson uses when he handles his bees. He dipped the mittens in the tar, and spread it all over my husband's body. The first thing he did was to put it in his face and eyes, so that he couldn't see. When he had spread it all over him in spots, they put on a few feathers. They were ordinary hen's feathers.

"When they had finished with my husband, they lifted him up and carried him to a corner of the kitchen, where two men held him down on the floor. Then the other six got around me. They put me down on the floor, the same as they did him, and in the same way the man with the mittens began by putting tar in my face and eyes. It made my eyes smart at first, and blinded me. He then rubbed tar all over my body, but not so much as he put on my husband. He also put a few feathers on me. I begged him to stop. I did not dare to scream, because I was afraid they might kill me. When they had finished they cautioned us that if we made any noise or attempted to follow them they would come back and kill us. They then left us and all went out the same way they came, leaving us lying there naked in the cold and dark. The little girl they didn't touch.

"As soon as they had gone we got up and lighted a lamp and made a fire and went to work to get the tar off. We scrubbed away all the rest of the night, and it wasn't until between 8 and 9 o'clock the next morning that my husband looked well enough to go out. Then he went over to his father's house and told what had happened to us. It was days before I got the tar all off of me. They put some in my hair, too, and that was almost impossible to get out."

Funny Town Election Scene.

Great excitement prevailed in the town of Bedford, Westchester county, N. Y., a few days ago. The occasion was the annual town election. The old Board of Excise Commissioners there were license men. The liquor dealers strove desperately to keep the supremacy, and the temperance people worked even harder to elect their candidate. The five ministers of Mount Kisco made the question the theme of their sermons, and several of them attended at the polls during the progress of the election. The Ladies' Temperance Society of the village had placards bearing the inscription, "Free Lunch at Armory Hall," posted all over Mount Kisco. The unwary license advocates were beguiled into Armory Hall and waited upon by the ladies. Coffee, cakes, sandwiches, and temperance tracts, linked with pleasant voices and smiling faces, were regarded by the ladies as a potent means of influencing voters. One of the ludicrous features of the election was the appearance of two drunken men at the polls to vote the temperance ticket. The result of the election astonished the anti-license people. About 1,000 votes were cast. Mr. J. Green Clark received a majority of 118 votes over George W. Gardner. The board is now composed of two anti-license and one license member. Five liquor dealers have lost their occupation in Bedford.



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

PROF. JOHN DONALDSON,

HEAVY-WIGHT PUGILIST.

Photographed by John Wood, 208 Bowery, New York.



FUNNY TOWN ELECTION SCENE.

TWO DRUNKEN CITIZENS, THROUGH FEMALE SOLICITATION, DEPOSIT TEMPERANCE VOTES AT BEDFORD, WESTCHESTER CO., N. Y.



TARRED AND FEATHERED IN BED.

MIDNIGHT MARAUDERS PERPETRATE A DISGRACEFUL ACT UPON A MARRIED COUPLE AT MACKEY'S CORNERS, N. Y.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

An Invalid's Extraordinary Whim.

Hattie Deuell, of Iowa City, Iowa, is a maiden, 32 years of age, who for many years past has been an invalid, and has on several occasions fasted one or two days at a time from belief that her health would be improved. She has also once or twice abstained from speaking for a long time. Miss Deuell is a sister-in-law of Dr. B. H. Aylworth, and lives in his family. Despite her strange conduct, she cannot be said to be insane, as she would always converse rationally, but was very determined in carrying out her own will. Since November, 1879, she has not, so far as can be ascertained, spoken an audible word, although her organs of speech are not at all affected. During the winter she complained of excessive coldness in her head, and frequently wrapped quilts about her head and lay down with her head close to the stove, vainly trying to get warm. Her general troubles seem to be neuralgia and nervousness. She has been confined to her bed for several years. On Feb. 27th it was noticed she had eaten none of the morning meal taken to her. This was repeated several times, and at length she told the attendant that she need not bring her anything more to eat. Dr. Aylworth and her sister remonstrated with her, but to no purpose, and, knowing her strength of will, they ceased to urge her. She soon outlined her purpose by writing on her slate:

"I have no hope of recovery or relief, and am determined that I will die."

She has wasted away without any marked change of physical disturbance, until now she is extremely emaciated. None except her most intimate friends are permitted to see her, and very few are admitted to the house. When strangers have been allowed to enter the room she has manifested great excitement, immediately calming on their withdrawal. On Saturday last she took up her slate and wrote:

"Do you think it would prolong my life to drink freely of cold water?" and handed it to Dr. Aylworth.

He replied: "If you do not drink, you will probably sink into low typhoid fever and delirium. If you drink, I don't think it will now prolong your life."

She then drank freely and sat up in her bed a little while and wrote a few words on her slate, rising partly without assistance. Her eyes have a natural and intelligent look. Her hair has not been affected by abstinence from food. Dr. Aylworth thinks she will live several days yet. The family are very much grieved at her strange conduct, which can hardly be called insanity. Her fast is not from mania, but a desire for death without violent suicide, as an escape from physical suffering. Various ruses have been undertaken to have her eat, but unsuccessfully. She drinks a little water each day, but takes no medicine, nor any medical applications made to her.

Dr. Aylworth is about 65 years of age, a practicing physician of the best reputation, and no suspicion of fraud is entertained.

Miss Deuell was still living at last reports. When asked if she would have begun in her fasting if she had known what she must undergo, Miss Deuell gave an emphatic reply in the affirmative. Her body is exceedingly wasted and her skin unusually dark. Her eyes are deeply sunken, her cheeks hollow, her nose thin and pinched, and her hair streaked with gray. The flesh on the jaws has wasted until the skin is almost transparent and shows the outlines of the bone very prominently. Doctors who have visited her say she may live several days yet, but her sisters expect her death hourly. The latter no longer set food before her, but daily implore her to eat something nourishing.

Sailing a Frail Craft.

The accepted, or ideal sailor boy, is a fine-looking, dashing young fellow with eyes rivaling the sea in color, with broad shoulders and sun-burned, honest face. But how different is the sailor who occupies a call in the central station, New Orleans, La. He is an Italian, 23 years of age, short and stout with jet black hair and eyes.

He does not wear the proverbial blue shirt and pants, with black silk neckchief, but, instead, is attired in an ordinary suit of clothes, and a slight dash of grease and garlic thrown in, and yet he is a hero.

Francisco Gargiulo, for that is the name of this bold sailor, is the second mate of the good Italian bark *Ercule*. Her captain is his uncle, and he enjoyed many liberties in consequence, but usually did his duty like any other second mate.

Francisco's head was filled with love thoughts and these thoughts centered on Miss Ruth Ford, daughter of Captain Ford, of the tug *Ella Wood No. 2*.

On her he devoted most of his time, and with soft love speeches, spoken in broken English, won her girlish heart.

He wrote her letters. Such letters, filled with love, so quaintly expressed, that the wonder is how the fair Ruth ever understood what he was driving at. But she did grasp the situation; and, what's more, thinking that he could better understand her if she wrote broken English, she adopted his style, and then things became very complicated.

For weeks this strange courtship continued, until at last it struck young Francisco, who, by the way, had been writing duplicate love letters to a number of other girls, that New Orleans was getting too warm for him, so he concluded to tap his uncle's bank for all the cash it contained, and set sail for another port.

Accordingly he possessed himself of every cent that was in the locker, some \$900, and cut adrift from the *Ercule*. Before leaving, however, he wrote a letter to the captain in which he stated that he had lost the \$900, and not having the courage to commit suicide, had left never to return again. In closing he hoped to meet the captain in heaven.

By engagement he met Ruth, and together they walked up the river, took a bridal tour on the ferry to the other side of the river, and then boarded a freight train for Morgan City.

The Captain, upon returning to his vessel at night, missed his mate, but found his letter, and wishing to have an interview with his nephew prior to his departure for that rather mysterious port of Heaven, telephoned Captain Mike Farrell and put him in possession of all the facts.

The latter, with Mr. James Hagan, worked on the case, and, aided by Corporal O'Connor, discovered that the lovers had taken a freight train for Morgan City.

No time was to be lost, as the fugitives might get off at a way station, so telegrams were sent to every stopping place, and one message reached Bayou des Allemands just two minutes before the train.

Mr. Johnson, the operator at that station, read the dispatch, and thinking it a ticklish undertaking to tackle an Italian, obtained the service of Mr. Hogsell and a double-barrelled shot-gun, and, as the train steamed up, arrested the fugitives.

Upon being searched \$885.65 was found in Francisco's possession, which is said to be a part of the stolen money.

Every effort was being made to obtain the release of Miss Ford, who is charged as accessory to the robbery, but without success.

Murdered Mary Senoff's Ghost.

Poor Mary Senoff was murdered nearly ten months ago by Mrs. Ellen E. Athey, at Stone Creek, Ohio. According to stories, her ghost seems to be giving some of the people thereabouts a vast amount of trouble. Two weeks ago a belated farmer saw her shadowy form emerge from Sugar Creek at the very spot where she had been thrown into the water. Now come two men, named Spare and Mowzer, living about three miles west of there, who also claim positively to have seen the murdered girl's ghost. We give the story in Mr. Spare's own words:

"Mr. Mowzer and I," he said, "had attended a sale during the day, and did not start home until probably half-past nine o'clock at night. To shorten the distance we cut across the fields which took us past the Athey house, where Mary Senoff was murdered. When we were approaching the house we were both astonished to find it brilliantly lighted up. It was then nearly ten o'clock, and we knew the house had not been occupied since the murder. We stopped a minute at the gate, and while discussing the matter a shadowy form made its appearance at the window facing us. The head and face were plainly visible, and Mowzer involuntarily threw up his hands, exclaiming, 'My God! that's Mary Senoff.' I'll admit that we were both frightened, but more so when we saw the figure raise the window and noiselessly glide out. Our first impulse was to run; but Mowzer whispered to wait a little. The form was clad in what seemed to be a loosely fitting gown made of white material. It moved up to within a few feet of us and then halted. The figure now had the appearance of a thick shadow, but seemed to gain in substance the longer we looked at it. Presently it began receding and motioned to us to follow. Unconsciously we moved up the road a little further, and saw the form move around the corner of the house and walk slowly toward the ash-pile at the out-house, where Mrs. Athey had buried the body of Mary. With one hand she pointed at the partly filled grave and with the other frantically beckoned us to approach, but we had seen enough, and with one accord both of us took to our heels and ran. 'People will laugh,' said Spare, 'when they hear the story, and say we were full; but I know we were perfectly sober, and are as positive as we live that it was Mary Senoff's ghost, although I never believed in such things.'

The story has frightened the lads of the neighborhood badly, and they now go around the road to spellings instead of cutting across the fields.

Inhuman Act of a Grand-Mother.

Mrs. Sarah A. Leake and her daughter Susan Leake, of Flushing, L. I., have been arrested on a charge of infanticide. They were taken before Justice E. H. Frame, where it was developed that Mrs. Leake had deliberately buried her daughter's newly born infant alive. Mrs. Leake was locked up, and the young woman was given into the care of a physician. The Leake family are in moderate circumstances. The father, Thomas Leake, is employed in the saw-mill of James L. Hommedieu. The family have resided for some time in apartments over the insurance office of Mr. Isaac Peck, corner of Broadway and Lawrence street. One morning as Constable Fred-

erick Smith was passing along Lawrence street by the yard of Mr. Peck's house he heard weak and stifled cries, apparently emanating from an out-house. He at first concluded that it was a cat making the peculiar childlike cries that they sometimes will. The constable continued on his way, but returning a few minutes later, his attention was again attracted by the same noise, the cries sounding much weaker. This time the constable was convinced that it was a child. He vaulted over the low picket fence and entered the outhouse. The cries were plainly distinguishable in the vault beneath. The constable vainly searched for something to use as a grapple. Henry Curtis, a colored man, was opportunely passing and carrying a garden hoe over his shoulder. The constable hailed him, and, hurriedly explaining the circumstances, the two men succeeded in rescuing from the filth a living male child sewn up in a bag. There was a heap of ashes and clam shells on top of the living child. The men carried their find into the house, where the child was released from its horrible shroud.

The girl, Susan Leake, who is only eighteen, was found in bed. The constable sent the colored man immediately for a physician to care for the child, went himself for a warrant and compelled the girl to get up and, with her mother, accompany him to the station-house. Dr. Lever was summoned, examined the child and found it in a healthy condition, but of course much exhausted. He at first felt confident that it would survive, but it only lived a few hours. The mother and daughter were arraigned before Justice Frame.

The girl's mother admitted having thrown the child where it was found. She seemed in abject misery, wringing her hands and scarcely able to articulate the excuse that she thought it was dead. She pleaded that she had been blinded to all consideration or thought of anything except to conceal her daughter's shame. She wished to tell who the child's father was, but the justice forbade her, saying that it was not pertinent to the case. He told her that he would hear any charge she might wish to make afterward. The reputed father of the child was a young man well known about Flushing. He has been employed in responsible positions on the Long Island Railroad. While he can in no way be held legally responsible for the commission of this terrible crime, he has achieved a very unsavory reputation in Flushing.

Warning to Emotional Lovers.

The family of John J. Rail, living two miles east of Keokuk, Iowa, was thrown into intense excitement and despair a few days ago, by the sudden death of an only daughter, Miss Minnie Rail, sixteen years of age. The young lady was in the parlor at the time in company with Charles Gray, her affianced. It seems, from the statement of Mr. Gray, which was given with broken sobs and tears, that the two were seated on a lounge and he was urging her to name an early day for their wedding. The girl was coy and bashful and hesitated about it. But the lover was importunate and sought in every way to induce a compliance with his wishes. At last she consented, saying: "I will marry you in April." In the excitement and joy of the moment Mr. Gray threw his arms around her waist and drew her to him with a quick, passionate embrace. He was not conscious of exerting unusual strength and does not believe that he did. But the girl gave a short, sharp scream, and exclaiming: "Oh! Charley, I'm gone!" fell dead in his arms, her head resting on his shoulder. His frantic cries alarmed the family, who came rushing into the room to find the pitiful sight of the dead girl lying pale and inanimate in her lover's arms.

A messenger was dispatched post-haste for Dr. Hale, who arrived within an hour. But nothing could be done. The young lady was beyond all human aid. It is the opinion of the physician that heart disease was the immediate cause of the girl's death. She was frail and delicate and had long complained of trouble with her heart. The excitement incident to her conversation with her lover had probably superinduced the attack which led to her premature death. Naturally the family are overwhelmed with grief and young Gray is almost beside himself with horror and despair.

Miss Minnie was a very handsome young lady and was well known in the society circles of this city. She was extremely delicate and possessed a slender frame which succumbed to the slightest attacks of ill-health.

James Orr, Alleged Embezzler.

James Orr was arrested in Denver, Col., by Detective Lanthier, of the New York Police, on the charge of having embezzled sums of money aggregating \$45,000. Mr. Orr is about fifty-five years of age, hale, hearty, and looks every inch a business man. Prior to the 5th of March, for a period extending back over twenty-five years, he was the most trusted employee in the great hide and leather house of Schultz, Southwick & Co., Nos. 111, 113 and 115 Cliff street, New York, the "Leather Kings of the Swamp." Orr was known as a hide expert, and received a salary of \$6,000 a year. He possessed that superior knowledge of his avocation which would enable him to glance at a pelt and tell in an instant from what country it came and its value. In his superior talents his employers always trusted, and he enjoyed their utmost confidence, respect and esteem.

Four weeks since Orr disappeared, and the first question asked by Inspector Byrnes and Superintendent Walling of the New York police, when informed of the alarming absence of Mr. Orr, was the condition of his books with his employers. The question was repelled with scorn, and the matter of Mr. Orr's disappearance was set down as one of those mysterious cases which transpire at intervals in the metropolis of America and can never be successfully solved. It was thought by Schultz & Co. that their faithful expert had been made the victim of foul play, and some members of the firm suggested that the East river ferry courses be dragged. The suggestion was immediately acted upon, and for two days a tug was employed searching for the missing man's remains.

On Saturday, March 5th, Mr. Schultz made a discovery, or rather one of his bookkeepers did. In running through Mr. Orr's books one defalcation of \$30,000 came to light. Thus was the disappearance of the confidential expert and manager partially cleared up and steps taken for his arrest.

An Unwilling Runaway Bride.

On the west-bound Union Pacific train recently was a newly-wedded pair, who were as loving and tender as people in that condition of life usually are. They had a section in a sleeping car and were on a bridal trip to the Pacific coast. Near Sidney a wheel on the sleeper was broken, and the train stopped at that place about an hour to put on a new pair of wheels. Here Mr. Goodman, who is the bridegroom alluded to, got out to kick up his heels and look around, and while he was absorbing the beauties of nature and other things about town, the train, which is one of the things that doesn't wait for time nor the "tied," quietly rolled out, leaving Mr. Goodman and bearing away his bride. Then there was consternation in Sidney and on board the Pullman. The bride was in a state bordering on distraction because of her lost liege, and vainly though frantically did the groom put in his best locomotion to catch the retreating train. As he and the bride were one, with a very plain case of "a passenger on board that was left behind" it was fun to everybody else except the two most interested. Failing to catch the train on foot he clambered into the cab of a locomotive which happened to be puffing about the place and earnestly solicited help. The engineer, a tender-hearted man with a tender, saw how it was, and proceeded to obtain proper authority as quickly as possible, and started with Mr. Goodman on a stern chase after the flying train which was trying hard to make up an hour or so of lost time, and which was proud of a pair of new wheels. Away the locomotive sped on the wings of love, sympathy and steam. Goodman petted the engineer and fireman, and helped to shovel coal, and at Antelope, thirty-seven miles, the wild-eyed pursuing husband overtook the heartless cars that had run away with his brand new wife, and soon they were bloomingly happy again in each other's arms.

Sensation in Plymouth Church.

Mr. Beecher was interrupted on Friday night by a very young man walking heavily down the aisle, halting at his very feet and abruptly demanding: "My dear sir, do you mean to say my God is an Imaginary God?" The young man made a movement toward his hip pocket, which was interpreted by some as an aching desire to get at a pistol. Brother Hill and Pastoral Helper Halliday hurried forward, gripped the anxious inquirer by the arms, and, in spite of his resistance, hurried him out in the vestibule and hustled him from the church building. Mr. Halliday believes the young man was demented, and scouts the idea that he was one of the fruits of the Plymouth revival.

After he had dismissed his congregation Mr. Beecher stepped down from the pulpit to go to his pew, in which were his wife and two other ladies. Mrs. Beecher was sitting upright and rigid, and when he spoke to her she was unable to answer. He soon saw she was in an almost unconscious condition. Thinking the crowded state of the church had caused her to faint, he stood upon the seat of an adjoining pew and asked the congregation to hasten out. The tone of distress in which he spoke created alarm and surprise, and nearly all stopped to inquire what was the matter, but he repeated the request, and the church was soon emptied. In the meantime several ladies had tried to revive Mrs. Beecher. Mr. Beecher, with assistance, carried her into the lecture room, and there an effort to restore her was made. She grew worse and presently became entirely unconscious. From the first she was unable to speak. A carriage had been ordered at the first alarm and she was carried to it and taken home.

Effects of a Singular Law.

Since the adoption of the law prohibiting treating in Wisconsin various methods have been adopted by the liquor dealers in ridicule of its object. Among the plans in operation is one by a dealer of Milwaukee, who to show his contempt for the provisions of the law, had stalls fitted to his bar and every thirsty citizen has to enter a separate compartment in order to quench his thirst. It was at first supposed that when the bill was first introduced that it was only a joke, but since it has become a law there is a general howl from those whose interests are thus indirectly affected.

Jim Currie's Deserved Fate.

Jim Currie, of Texas, has been a resident of Los Vegas, New Mexico, since his acquittal for the murder of Ben Porter, the actor. On March 24th, while on another drunken spree and threatening to kill everybody he was shot dead by the bar-tender in a saloon. The ball entered his forehead and came out at the back of his head. The railroad hands here tried to lynch the bar-tender, but the Sheriff succeeded in getting him to jail. A Coroner's jury was immediately summoned, who brought in a verdict of killing in self-defense. The saloon-keeper is still held by the Sheriff, as further trouble is anticipated. It's an old saying that a fellow like him "never die with their boots off."

On the night of March 20th, 1879, "The Diplomacy Combination" played in Marshall, Texas, and after the performance Benjamin F. Porter, Maurice Barrymore, a son-in-law of Mrs. John Drew, of this city, and Miss Ellen Cummins, members of the company, went to a restaurant for the purpose of luncheon. A short time after they entered the place, Currie, who was intoxicated and quarrelsome, came in and made several offensive remarks about Miss Cummins. Then Porter arose from the table he sat at and reminded Currie that he was insulting a lady. Currie instantly drew a revolver and shot Porter, who fell dead a few minutes later. The murderer then shot Barrymore, and would no doubt have killed him with another ball had it not been for the pitious appeals of Miss Cummins. Porter was a peaceable and gentlemanly person and widely known. His murder created a great deal of excitement all over the country. Currie was arrested and, after numerous delays, was brought to trial on June 10th, 1880. Barrymore, Miss Cummins and a number of other witnesses testified against him, and, although the evidence against the prisoner was positive, the jury, to the astonishment even of the people of Texas, rendered a verdict of not guilty.

The line of defence was based on Currie's alleged insanity, but the obvious injustice of the verdict excited a great deal of comment. After his acquittal Currie announced that he intended to reform and, with that end in view, drifted to Los Vegas, New Mexico, where he soon fell into his old habits.

Currie was a native of Pendleton, Ohio, and a reputable engineer on the Little Miami Railroad when the war began. He enlisted in Company A, Twelfth Ohio Volunteers, and for bravery on the field was promoted to a non-commissioned officer. After the war he returned to Cincinnati, where he remained several months. He left that city to run a locomotive on a Kansas railroad. In Kansas he fell into bad associations and soon became known as a desperate character. One day he ran an excursion train from Leavenworth to Lawrence, and while waiting in the latter town he entered a saloon and over his liquor quarreled with a stranger. A fight ensued, and although outnumbered, ten to one, he fought his way out of the place, leaving four of his assailants insensible behind him. Reaching the street, he cut loose a horse standing at the curb, and mounting dashed off into the country. His fireman gathered up the excursionists and picked Currie up two or three miles outside of the town. Three months later he quarreled with a man in Junction City about a woman. They fought, and Currie shot and killed his antagonist. He then joined the regular army as a scout and served on many expeditions with General Custer. Two years later he drifted to Texas, where he became a railroad detective, and is said to have been the leading spirit in the capture of Sam Bass' gang of notorious train robbers. He was never married.

Reviving Unpleasant Memories.

The inhuman traffic in human beings which is practiced in Hancock county, West Va., is attracting marked attention. In March of each year the unfortunate paupers of Hancock county, Va., are collected in front of the courthouse, in New-Cumberland, and an auctioneer mounts the block and knocks them off, one at a time, to the lowest, instead of, as used to be the practice with slaves, the highest bidder, or in other words, to the man to keep a pauper a year for the lowest amount of purchase money. Now the time-honored practice is being agitated with a view to its abolition. Horrible tales of the suffering and cruel treatment are told. The bidding becomes quite lively at times, often a father, brother, or sister of the pauper contending with a professional shark—one who bids for the purpose of starving the poor creatures in order to make a profit. When one of these paupers does happen to strike a decent home he is made wretched by the continual fear that next year he will fall into the hands of some human hyena, for a sale lasts only twelve months, and at the end of that time he is again bid off. Most of the professional bidders are people who are either too lazy or too mean to make a decent living for themselves in a decent manner, and take a number of these poor people. The price paid ranges from \$80 to \$160 per year, and by starving them and forcing them to perform labor for which they are physically incapacitated, the bidder makes money enough to keep himself in idleness.

Last year three old people were sold to sharks, and when it was demonstrated that the bargain was a bad one, the unfortunate people were most starved and compelled to

live in a filthy outhouse until finally rescued, vermin-covered, by some humanitarians, only to be sold over again. This year one old lady was put up at auction and bid in by a shark. When she heard who had purchased her, she cried piteously, but there was no remedy, and she was driven off to the home of her hard master. She died of a broken heart a few days afterward. Many horrible cases of inhuman treatment could be cited in connection with the traffic in pauper flesh. A strenuous effort will be made to induce the West Virginia authorities to remedy this evil. Three years ago the people of the county voted to buy land and establish a county infirmary, but the Poor Board paid no attention to the matter, and the traffic in human flesh and blood still goes on.

Adventures With Burglars.

Francis Melrose is a French baker, and lives at 339 East Eleventh street, New York. In the same house boards a young man by the name of Lanez. At 2 o'clock on Friday morning Melrose and Lanez were sitting together in the apartments of the former on the top floor, when they heard footsteps on the roof. Both were satisfied that burglars were over their heads. They armed themselves and went out quietly upon the roof.

Mr. Melrose says that he and his companion plainly saw two men trying to hide themselves behind a chimney, and Lanez cried out: "Surrender! I have a pistol."

"I have one too," replied a voice from behind the chimney, and a hand was raised holding something that caused the boarders to stoop very low. It was not a pistol, however, but a brick, and the next minute it struck Lanez on the shoulder. He was very nervous, and as he felt the blow his arm dropped, his pistol exploded, and the bullet penetrated his left leg above the knee.

"My God," he cried, "he has shot me," and Mr. Melrose raised his pistol and fired. One of the men dropped on the roof, and the other ran away and was not captured.

Policeman Martin Dooly, of the Fifth street station, was summoned and found a man who said his name was Samuel Wallace, lying upon the roof of the house, and bleeding profusely from a wound in his head. He was taken to Bellevue Hospital, where he said he was a boarder in 159 First avenue, and had simply been visiting a man, whose name he could not remember, at 339 East Eleventh street, when he was shot.

Melrose surrendered himself to the police, and was arraigned before Justice Bixby, in the Essex Market Police Court. He told his story in a straightforward manner, and Wallace not appearing against him, Justice Bixby held him in \$1,000 bail.

Physicians have hopes of Wallace's recovery. Lanez is not very seriously hurt. A heavy dagger was found close to the chimney where the shooting occurred.

Temptations of New York Working-Girls.

To properly describe the dangers and temptations of the poor working-girls of New York would necessarily require a knowledge of the inside workings of the factories, which is well-nigh impossible to obtain by others than those unfortunate enough to be dependent upon them for support. But enough to form an opinion of these hot-beds of infamy occasionally comes to light through the despair of victims of the lecherous passions of unprincipled employers, who through artifice and cunning only too often succeed in their infamous designs, and wreck the future of innocent young girls. It must not be supposed that all employers are alike; but we are sorry to say that the honorable ones are in a small minority, and generally leave the management of their factories in the hands of male employees who are in many instances more brutal in their instincts than some of the first mentioned class.

In order to secure employment in some of these factories and stores, the applicant must be young, innocent, and have a pretty face. With extremely fastidious employers a graceful form is essential, but as a general rule this is unnecessary. Once installed the young girl is petted in every conceivable way, and her tastes and wishes are pandered to in a manner which she soon conceives to be due her position. Then the crafty cunning of the serpent is employed. He extols her charms and leads her to believe that he adores her. Soon an appointment is made, and straightway the once guileless girl is on the road to ruin. The theatre, and supper thereafter, are usually the means employed to carry out the nefarious design. The girl soon becomes reckless when she realizes her position, and soon is lost to all sense of propriety. Among her old associates she is looked upon with distrust, because they well know the tempter. At last her actions become so brazen that the destroyer of her future life shakes her off, and, forsaken by former friends and associates, her downward career is swift and sure.

Pretty Petticoat Pool-Players.

The subject of pool-playing by boys is one that is now attracting the attention of the press of New York. In every section of the city can be found youths of all ages, classes and connections, engaged all hours of the day and night in this pastime. While the game in itself is a harmless amusement, it is the means of leading young boys into worse habits. To indulge in the pleasures of the game it re-

quires money, and the natural consequence is that of pilfering from employers to gratify their passions. Not alone boys, but the startling announcement was recently made—and upon investigation found true—that several young girls have a mania for pool-playing. In a secluded spot a party of them daily enjoy themselves at the game free from interruption because they have become such good customers that the "Dutchman" has given them a monopoly of the premises. It will not be long before the female party will be enlarged by additions from their circle of acquaintances and who knows but that the craze may become general?

First Lessons in Crime for Children.

The lower part of Roosevelt street, New York, has a store for the sale of toys and candies. Its chief feature to the children of that unpleasant neighborhood is a "wheel of fortune," so called, which stands on the counter in the back part of the little bazaar. From very early in the morning till late at night the gilded arrow whirls on its well-worn pivot under the impulse of some young gambler's hand. The blackboard over which the arrow revolves is marked with as many diverging lines as a wheel has spokes. In each of these divisions is a toy of insignificant value—a trinket in tin or painted wood. The tariff is one cent a chance, and if the prize is not wanted the gambler has the option of taking a cent's worth of candy in its stead. There is one chief prize. If it falls to a boy he gets a base ball; or if to a girl, a set of stoneware dishes. A pretty woman presides at the tempting board, and is kept busy all day long dropping the pennies into the money drawer. The class of children who support this gambling resort are of the poorest in the region of Cherry, Water, and Roosevelt streets, to whom a penny represents long toil and much waiting. There is apparently nothing on the board that is worth the money, and nothing but the simple fascination of gambling can account for the disorderly rabble which always throngs the place. A the doorway is usually a knot of boys quarrelling over a cent which some one of them has acquired, and which the others covet with abuse and profanity.

Results of the Boycotting Agitation.

Boycotting, which is so forcibly described in a publication of the POLICE GAZETTE, by Kenward Philp, seems to have spread like a contagion throughout the whole United States. Nearly every branch of industry has been more or less affected by this peaceable method of righting evils of the present day. The employes and employed alike use this agitation to secure a common understanding. In business circles the powerful influence of Boycotting is making itself felt, and only recently in the city of New York a brewer who did some injustice to his employees was made to feel the secret power of this system. Not alone is it content with exercising its vast power in regulating labor and business enterprises, but Boycotting has also been begun within the very ranks of the clergy. Of late we have read of the determination of congregations to get rid of their pastors, but it remained for the Ryland Methodist Episcopal Church of Washington to inaugurate the Boycotting of a minister. The Rev. Dr. Deale was assigned to the church by the annual conference. On the occasion of his first sermon the congregation refused to listen to him, the church was as cold as a barn, and no choir or organist was present. The congregation went to worship at sister churches, and say they will not attend the ministrations of a man forced upon them.

MYRON'S MISDEMEANORS.

Through Evil Habits a Young Trojan Goes to the Bad.

Myron S. Friend is the son of a pawnbroker of Troy, N. Y., and has left his home, and is now believed to be in New York. He left behind him this letter, with a schedule of thefts and losses:

"Dear—: This is a statement I make to you: Go see my father immediately and break the news to him. What I intend to do I don't know. I am a defaulter for a large amount. * * * I could name a number of young men that are risking their reputations by going to —'s keno den, also —'s. Among them are bank clerks, clerks at —, clerks in collar shops, clothing stores, and quite a number of others. I write this as a warning to the young men of Troy. My hopes are gone forever, I am an outcast. It seems as if fate has destined it. Gambling has a fascination for me which is uncontrollable, and with the allurements thrown out by those who know my disposition, is the only explanation of my downfall and ruin. I will sign my name as one who feels deeply the disgrace he has brought upon himself. MYRON."

John Johnson, a man about 45 or 50, of Paulding, O., has been arrested, charged by his 15-year-old daughter with the crime of having had criminal connection with her, sometime last fall. A preliminary examination was had and in default of bail the prisoner was sent to jail to wait the action of the grand jury.

END OF A WILD CAREER.

Kate Mendheim Falls a Victim to a Professed Lover and Ends Her Life by Poison Through Disappointment.

A woman committed suicide at the St. James Hotel, New York, on Wednesday last. She was an unmarried woman, 21 years old, and the adopted daughter of M. Mendheim, formerly a book-seller, but now of the firm of Unger & Mendheim, real estate agents, No. 208 Montgomery street, San Francisco, and she called herself Kate O. Mendheim.

The Coroner took from her room many letters and a small pocket diary, and \$30 which was in a portmanteau. He refused to show the letters to any one, but, after examining them and the diary, he said that he inferred that the girl took her life deliberately because she had become disgusted with her existence. She had been living with disreputable companions and had been corrupted by them. One of the letters was from her father. It was dated San Francisco, Feb. 22, and was written in German. It was an affectionately worded letter, and referred to a letter from Kate in which she asked for money. Mr. Mendheim said that she did not need money, as she yet had \$700, and as his means were limited, he did not send her any. Coroner Ellinger ascertained that Dickinson Brothers, of No. 40 Exchange place, still hold \$300 in the name of Kate O. Mendheim, and that they sold mining stock for her.

Among her papers were found memoranda indicating that she was in New York two years ago, and that at that time J.W. Seligman & Co., of 21 Broad street, sold \$1,300 of mining stock for her. These circumstances, Coroner Ellinger argues, indicate that the woman did not commit suicide because she was destitute. The other letters were mostly from women, apparently young and giddy. Some letters were from men, and were epistles such as no respectable young woman would receive without feeling insulted. The diary was written in school-girl French. The entries showed that the writer had many male acquaintances, and that she addressed them by pet Christian names. Coroner Ellinger was visited by several persons who knew the woman. He refused to give their names, but said that all he had learned was that Miss Mendheim had received a thorough education at Hamburg, Germany; that she completed it in 1878 and came back to America, and that she was wilful and giddy. She was rather a plain-looking girl, with German features, a high forehead, and golden-brown hair. She wore spectacles, and was vivacious and intelligent.

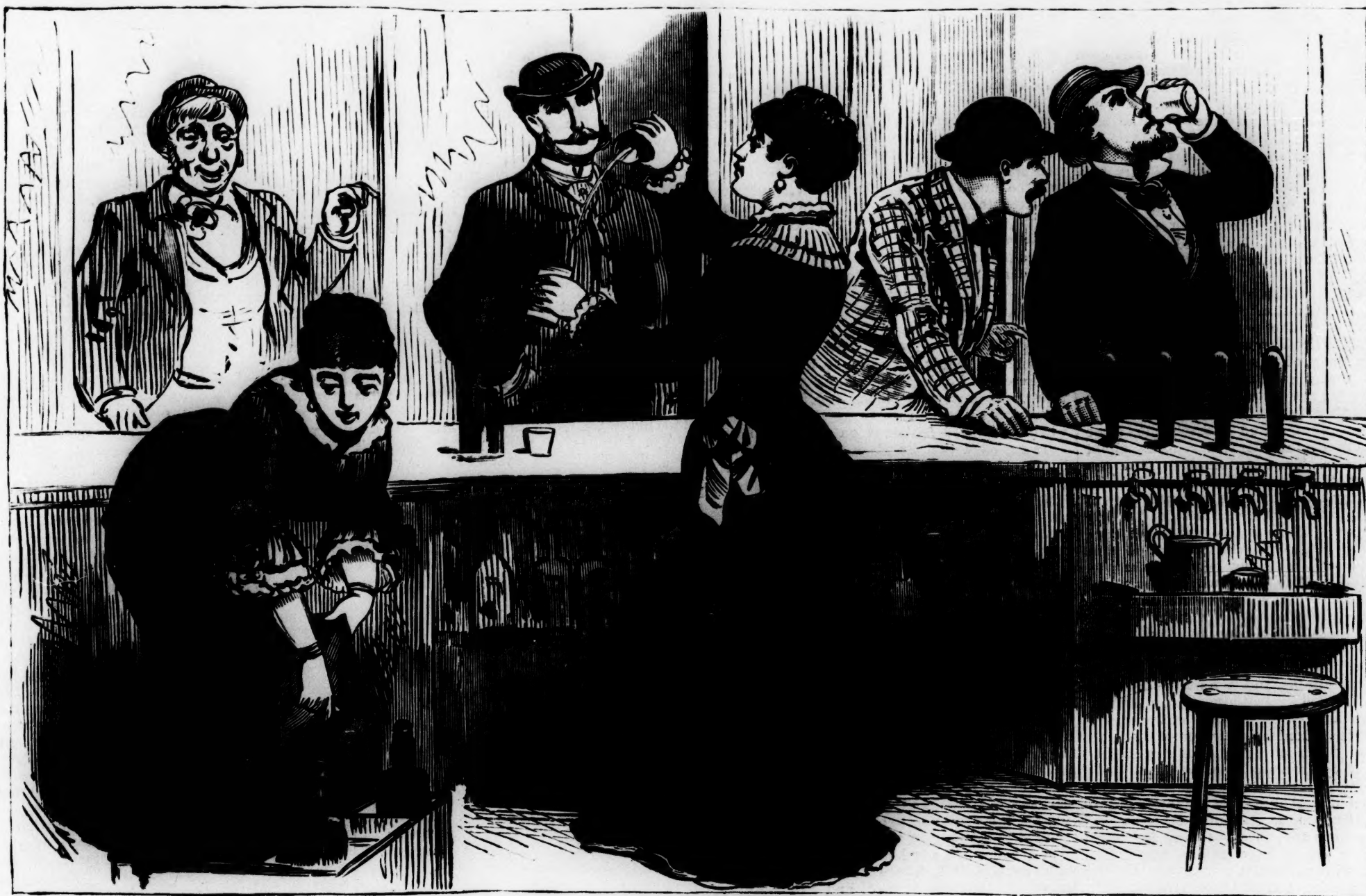
Inquiries at hotels in which Miss Mendheim stopped in 1878 and 1879 and resulted in the discovery that she was not a desirable guest. She was at the Coleman House with one Etta Johnson in December, 1878, and they were in February told to seek accommodations elsewhere, their conduct having occasioned much scandalous gossip. They went to a private boarding-house, and when the summer season opened traveled to various watering-places. At the end of the season they stopped at the Rossmore Hotel, and they are remembered there as flirts. A month ago she went to the Rossmore Hotel, and a day or two after her arrival, while in the elevator, made the acquaintance of Charles —, a theatrical agent. They became intimate, and Miss Mendheim was infatuated with him. Miss Mendheim was requested to leave. She went to the St. Cloud Hotel, where she was joined by her lover, who had been to Boston. He fell sick, was nursed by Miss Mendheim, and he repaid her by deserting her.

Miss Mendheim appeared to be broken-hearted, and her changed demeanor was talked about in the hotel. On the 25th ult., an odor of gas was detected in the corridor outside her room. She was found almost suffocated in bed, and the gas-burner was full on. When she recovered she was requested to leave the hotel, in which she had registered as Kate O. Mendheim, and she went to the St. James. Two persons visited the undertaker, and said that they would guarantee the funeral expenses, and directed him how the body should be disposed of. Coroner Ellinger notified Mr. Mendheim by telegraph of the death of his adopted daughter. Miss Mendheim's wardrobe and effects were sent to the Coroner's office. She had a good outfit, and her clothes, though of expensive material, well made up, were not at all flashy. She possessed a few good articles of jewelry.

From fragments of a letter found in the bedroom of the deceased, it appeared that "Charles" had made a proposal of marriage, and asked her to meet him in Chicago. This was previous to his desertion of her.

IRA MILLER and Seth McKinney became engaged in a quarrel at Gilman, ten miles west of Muncie, Ind., and Miller shot McKinney through the heart, killing him instantly. Miller escaped. He was a railroad agent at Gilman. McKinney came from Ohio. He was thirty years of age and unmarried. Miller said when he went away that he was going to give himself up to the Sheriff.

KISSING a pretty little female student in a fatherly manner is what caused the resignation, by request, of Prof. Tiesberg from St. Olaf's college at Northfield. Prof. Lynne also resigned for the same sort of familiarity with the same subject.



EFFECTS OF A SINGULAR LAW.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN, LIQUOR DEALERS MAKING THE ANTI-TREATING LAW RECENTLY PASSED BY THE LEGISLATURE APPEAR RIDICULOUS BY PROVIDING SEPARATE STALLS FOR EACH THIRSTY CITIZEN.



SENSATION IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH,

CAUSED BY A SUGGESTIVE HIP-POCKET MOVEMENT OF A FANATIC—"IS MY GOD AN IMAGINARY GOD?"—MRS. BEECHER PROSTRATED BY THE EXCITING SCENE.



INHUMAN ACT OF A GRAND-MOTHER.
TO SAVE HER DAUGHTER'S REPUTATION SHE ATTEMPTS TO DESTROY THE OFFSPRING OF HER ILLICIT LOVE, FLUSHING, L. I.



AN INVALID'S EXTRAORDINARY WHIM.
HATTIE DEUELL ABSTAINS FROM FOOD SINCE FEB. 27 TO END HER LIFE AND STILL LIVES—ADMINISTERING A BATH OF BEEF TEA TO SAVE HER LIFE, IOWA CITY.



PRETTY PETTICOAT POOL-PLAYERS.
THE PASSION WHICH HAS BEEN RECENTLY DEVELOPED AMONG NEW YORK DAMSELS—THEIR PROFICIENCY AS WITNESSED IN THE BACK-ROOM OF A BIER SALOON.



SAILING A FRAIL CRAFT.
HOW A JOLLY TAR BAGGED THE BOODLE OF HIS SKIPPER AND SKIPPED WITH ANOTHER SKIPPER'S DAUGHTER AT NEW ORLEANS, LA.



ADVENTURES WITH BURGLARS.
AN ENGAGEMENT IN WHICH THE MARAUDERS RECEIVED MORE THAN THEY WANTED—A MIDNIGHT ROOF SCENE IN NEW YORK CITY.

AMERICAN PRIZE RING

Its Battles, Its Wrangles, and Its
Heroes—Great Fistic Encoun-
ters Between Pugilists of
the Past and Present.

The Great Battle Between Jim Dunne,
of Brooklyn, and Jimmy Elliott,
of New York.

A Game and Stubborn Battle at Bull's
Ferry, in Which Dunne Was
the Winner.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE POLICE GAZETTE.

After Joe Coburn whipped McCoolle, he returned to New York with his legion of followers, but McCoolle was so terribly beaten that he had to remain at Charleston and receive medical attendance. McCoolle did not have many admirers, for after the battle the referee made a collection for him, and all he could raise was fifty dollars. The battle was a surprise to the western sporting men, who were confident that he would make the eastern champion lower his colors. The POLICE GAZETTE published the following remarks after the great battle about the two rival gladiators:

"That a feeling of disappointment prevailed among all who witnessed it must be admitted, for although it was well known that McCoolle was deficient in science, it was not anticipated that the winner would be able to gain his victory with scarcely a mark upon him. Such, however, was the case. Yet it must not be allowed for a moment to detract from the winner's credit. Coburn had in McCoolle a man opposed to him who far exceeded him in the great points of height and strength, and who was at least 20 lbs. the heaviest. Coburn had never seen him in the ring, and was unacquainted with his peculiar points and style of fighting. He consequently fought cautiously at first, until he found out his opponent's calibre, and had reduced him to something like his own weight, when he assumed the offensive and maintained it throughout. His fine style of fighting was the subject of general admiration; straight, quick, and well-timed hitting, good stopping, activity in getting away from danger, cool judgment and fertility of resources when in difficulty, were all strikingly manifested by him. Of McCoolle we can with truth say that a gamer man never pulled off his shirt in the ring. He is a strong and powerful wrestler, but is deficient in every other quality essential to make a first-class boxer. He possesses no scientific knowledge whatever, and his reliance on his own supposed natural abilities as a fighter has been proved to be weak and futile. He has no knowledge of stopping, and his slowness of delivery prevents his countering to advantage."

After the McCoolle and Coburn fight, a great battle was fought on May 11, between Jim Dunne, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Jimmy Elliott, of New York. Both of these noted pugilists' pictures recently appeared in the POLICE GAZETTE. They fought according to the rules of the London Prize Ring, for \$300 a side. Elliott was then 19 years of age, and stood 5 feet 11 1/2 inches in height, and weighed 179 lbs. Dunne had not attained his majority, and stood 5 feet 9 1/2 inches in height, and weighed 155 lbs. Dunne was a nephew of the famous Phil Clave, of South Brooklyn, and had never fought in the ring, while Elliott had figured in several battles. The fight created great interest in New York, and there was brisk speculation on the result. Elliott won the toss for choice of selecting the battle ground, and named Camp Scott, Staten Island.

The pugilists went to a spot opposite "Trysling Place," in coaches and there was a tremendous crowd of sporting men, gamblers and pugilists went down to see the fight. Brooklyn sporting men swore by Dunne, who was a universal favorite, while New York sporting men looked out en masse to witness Elliott whip the Brooklyn champion. At daylight, on the 11th, about eight hundred persons were present. Elliott and his backers were arrested by the Harlem police and brought back to New York. He was, however, discharged. The police then made a descent on the crowd, and all efforts to bring off the fight on Staten Island was useless. The police did not attempt to arrest any one, but pulled up the stakes and announced their resolve to remain and follow the fighters wherever they went with the intention of doing battle on the island. In no very enviable frame of mind the crowd accordingly retraced their steps, returning to the metropolis. The backers of the men held a meeting that night, at which they agreed to have the fight come off at Bull's Ferry, above Weehawken, N. J., on the morning of the 13th. There was another exodus of sports from Gotham during the night of the 12th, in carriages and on shank's mare, and at dawn about six hundred were gathered at the ring side, the selected spot being a level piece of ground on the heights overlooking the

Hudson. While awaiting the advent of the pugilists, the sheriff of Hudson County appeared and attempted to stop the further progress of the affair, but as he was not accompanied by any officers, no attention was paid to him. Shortly after six o'clock Elliott threw his cap into the ring, followed quickly by Dunne. Elliott had for seconds Barney Aaron and Jimmy Carroll; Dunne having for seconds, Phil Clare and Kit Burns. Jimmy had been trained by Johnny Aaron and Punch Morris, Johnny Galvin looking after Dunne. Reddy the Blacksmith stood umpire for Elliott, Jim Giddings for Dunne, while the referee was Capt. Mike Norton.

Round 1. As the men toed the scratch, the contrast between them was marked. Elliott loomed over his opponent, who by the comparison seemed a less man than he really was. Both were in admirable condition, especially Elliott, whose muscles were splendidly developed; indeed, he looked a perfect Hercules. Dunne was of a more slender and elegant figure, but his muscles had not an ounce of superfluous flesh on them, while his bright eye, clear complexion, and firm, elastic step showed that he was in the perfection of health and condition. His position was excellent, alike for offence and defence, his guard being particularly good. Elliott also stood well, keeping his left and right alternately in forward motion. After sparring for some time, Dunne led off with the left hand and got home lightly on the ribs, receiving in return a rattler on the left eye, and cross-countering heavily on the brow, which raised a lump immediately. They closed and struggled for the throw, ending by both going down together. Dunne under. First blood was claimed by the seconds of both, but not allowed.

2. The effects of the last round were plainly perceptible, Dunne's left eye being in mourning, and a large lump over Elliott's peeper. Both sparred for an opening, and at length Elliott led off and sent in his left straight on Dunne's damaged peeper, drawing blood, but napping a heavy ribber in return. After some good exchanges at long range they closed, and Dunne fought Elliott down, amid the most uproarious cheering from his party. First blood for Elliott, claimed and allowed.

3. After some skirmishing Elliott got in heavily on the injured eye, nearly closing the shutters; Dunne was not idle, but administered a warm rib-roaster in return. After some exchanges they clinched and pegged away merrily, Elliott being especially at home at infighting. In the end Elliott went down on his knees. (Immense cheering from both sides of the ring and offers to bet \$100 to \$50 on Elliott.)

4. Elliott dashed in and delivered his left twice in succession on the face, while Dunne repeated his heavy hitting on the body. Closing, they flibbed away in good style, but at last Dunne was thrown.

5. Elliott's eye was nearly closed and his forehead swollen, while one of Dunne's peepers had adopted the early closing movement. After sparring some time Dunne led off, but Elliott jumped back; amid cries of "go in, Elliott!" he came up again, and rushing in was met with a tremendous left-hander on the ribs, but got home effectively twice on the face. Some merry exchanges followed, both men being occasionally out of distance. In the close Elliott threw his man cleverly, amid tremendous cheering, and offers to bet \$100 to \$40 on his winning.

6. Both men had evidently orders to adopt the cautious system of tactics, as neither seemed willing to assume the offensive. At length Dunne, finding his opponent would not begin, led off, but missed. Breaking ground, they met again, and Elliott tried his left, but was short, and Dunne countered him on the mouth, receiving a hot 'un on the cheek. In the end Dunne floored his antagonist with a tremendous body hit, in the latter's own corner. (Great cheering from the Brooklyn division.)

7. The call of time was promptly answered by both, and again they sparred together, neither was willing to take the initiative. Tired, at last, Dunne led off, but was neatly stopped. Elliott tried to work around to the higher ground, but Dunne was not to be had. At last the latter tried again, but was short, and Elliott countered him with a one-two on the face, napping a rib-roaster in return. Some sharp exchanges followed and Elliott got down. (Great cheering from both corners.)

8. Up to this time there was but little difference in the amount of punishment received, and although Elliott's friends, having the longest purses, offered odds on his winning, yet in reality it was an even thing. Dunne tried his left, but was cleverly stopped. Heavy exchanges on the dial and body followed, and after a pause they met again in the centre of the ring to renew their mutual hitting. At last Elliott dropped, receiving as he did so a smart upper-cut. His seconds appealed, on the ground that Dunne hit him while he was on the ground; but the claim was not allowed.

9. Elliott led off, but missed his man. Here Barney Aaron, Elliott's second, appealed to the referee, saying that Dunne had something in his hands. He opened them at the referee's command, but nothing was found in them. Dunne followed Elliott into his own corner, nailed him heavily on the mark, but was sent to grass by a finely delivered shot on the left eye. Elliott stood up to \$100 to \$60, and his friends sanguine of victory.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MINOR MISDEMEANORS.

HARLAN P. HALE is under arrest at Lowell, Mass., on the charge of attempting to poison the entire family of a Mr. Sanborn, by placing strychnine in the teakettle, where a large quantity of it was found.

GEORGE H. SHERMAN has been arrested at Providence, R. I., on complaint of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and taken to Swansea, Mass., to answer the charge of outrage upon his daughter 12 years old.

JOSEPH HIGGINS was arrested at Bremen, Ohio, for brutally beating his stepson, a little fellow seven years old. The boy was not only unmercifully beaten and kicked, but actually bitten in the face and arms by the man, whose teeth sank deep into the flesh.

At Walla Walla, Washington Territory, a bad character named Dick Osborne fatally stabbed Alonzo Babb in a dance house. Osborne was arrested shortly after. That night a party of masked men broke into jail, took him to the nearest high fence, and hung him.

On Saturday last, Deputy Sheriffs Johnson and Wallace Orr, of Little Rock, Ark., went to Pope county and arrested a man named Charles Perry, who was supposed to be "Buck" Thomas, the murderer, for whose apprehension \$700 reward is offered. Perry was dangerously wounded, and was not the man wanted. The affair is denounced as outrageous.

THE arrival of John and Cicero Poe at Winchester, Tenn., revived the excitement that seemed to be dead. About forty masked men were seen shortly after one mile from town on the way to the jail, but were met by two citizens, who persuaded them not to make an attack. The mob dispersed and returned to their homes. The jail is strongly guarded by men who are determined to protect the prisoners.

MRS. P. F. MURRAY, of Columbus, Ohio, died from the effects of an abortion produced on her. Just prior to her death she made the statement declaring that the abortion was produced by Dr. Willoughby at her own request and in direct opposition to her husband's wishes. Mrs. Murray is the mother of three children, and her dislike of an increase of family cares led her to this operation. Dr. Willoughby has been arrested, and will be tried on the charge of manslaughter.

THE Chief of Police of Meadville, Pa., arrested on a telegram from Edensburg, Pa., Martin Flick, a prominent citizen and Justice of the Peace at Edensburg, charged with desertion. Flick left his wife and children for the supposed purpose of eloping with Mrs. Sheperd, a charming widow. He had several thousand dollars with him, a portion of which is said to have been secured on fraudulent pension papers. Flick made two attempts to escape, and finally put up \$500 for his appearance at Clarion to answer.

ADVISED from Morehead, Ky., states that a stubborn fight took place between Ezekiah Jones and two brothers named Cornett. The men met in the woods, and, an old feud having been renewed, a desperate fight ensued. The two Cornetts emerged so badly wounded with a knife that they had to be carried home. Jones was left unconscious with a bullet in his head, and died soon after. The Cornetts will recover. Garfield Williams, a lad fifteen years old, the only witness of the encounter, has been arrested as an accomplice of the Cornetts.

LIZZIE KEENAN, of Boston, Mass., the alleged wife of a notorious pickpocket, now serving time at Sing Sing, was arrested for enticing a little girl named Mary Milan into a house of ill-fame for the purpose of making her a common prostitute. The government claim that Lizzie, who has a very bad reputation, succeeded in her vile purpose recently by locking the child in a room with a man. It is stated that several other girls, ranging in age from twelve to fifteen, have been approached by the woman and abused because they would not yield to her blandishment.

THERE were three attempts made lately to steal the body of Father Cary, of Dayton, Ohio. On account of an anonymous letter received from Cincinnati Friday, the body was placed in the vault at Calvary Cemetery. At half-past nine Friday night the watch dog at the cemetery made an unusual noise, when the Superintendent examined the vault and found the lock had been broken off. Later in the night two more attempts were made, when the Superintendent secured assistance from town, who remained on guard near the vault all night, well prepared to give the body-snatchers a warm reception if they put in an appearance again.

SOME weeks ago S. W. Graham, of Groesbeck, Tex., while at Knoxville, Tenn., represented himself as a rich cattle man, and won the affections of a young lady named Irene Mahone, said to belong to one of the leading families of Knoxville. The girl's parents took a strong dislike to Graham, but the latter persuaded the young girl to elope with him to Texas under promise of marriage. At Groesbeck he deserted her after unsuccessful efforts to seduce her. She was penniless, but managed to reach Dallas, where a subscription was raised among the citizens for her benefit, and she left for home. Graham turns out to be an unprin-

ciple, worthless character, and will be arrested if found.

CLAY WORKMAN attended a dance at James Holston's, on Cabell Creek, near Charleston, W. Va. Workman's girl was there, too, and showed greater favor for Ike Hancock than for him. Workman saw through a crack in the side of the house what he supposed too much display of affection on the part of the girl, and in order to avenge himself he drew his revolver and began shooting at Hancock. One bullet took effect in Hancock's body, just below the left nipple. Another ball struck him in the left arm. The victim died. James Holston was shot in the left side, but will probably recover. The girl, Sarah Neilson, a country belle, who was the cause of the trouble, it is said was engaged to both Hancock and Workman. The murderer is at large.

A young married lady was at home by herself at Bethlehem township, Ind., when a scoundrel in disguise, supposed to live in the neighborhood, came into the house unbidden and made an assault upon the woman, with the intention of outraging her person. The lady being plucky seized a pair of large scissors, and after a long and violent struggle succeeded in inflicting several deep and severe wounds on the person of the man, which caused him to desist and make his escape. The woman gave the alarm at the nearest house, and the citizens organized a party to search for the scoundrel. The people say they will hang him if he is discovered. Pools of blood were found upon the floor of the house, and traces of blood where the scoundrel walked in making his escape were traced half a mile.

AN interesting trial for bigamy is in progress in Cincinnati, Ohio. The defendant is a handsome young man, one William Apgar, alias William Merrill, a young farmer of that county. The prosecutrix is Paulina Stegman, alias Paulina Howe, a New York "professional." She claims to be the daughter of Charles Stegman, of No. 208 West Seventh street, New York. She says she was married first to Isadore Hodag, of New York, and then divorced. She played at Niblo's Garden in "Enchantment," and was afterward in the ballet with Mapleson's opera company. Last summer she came to Cincinnati and accepted an engagement at the Vine street opera-house. While there she met Apgar, alias Merrill, and soon afterward married him, only to discover that he had a wife and children living. She then hunted up the first wife, and the two women agreed to prosecute him.

MARY ZOCHA, a Polish woman about 45 years old, swore out a warrant in Chicago, Ill., for the arrest of John Czocha, whom she accused of having repeatedly raped her. The woman's story to Justice Walsh was that her aged husband and herself had lived in one house with Czocha and his family at No. 59 Elston road. The old man went to Nebraska to get work, and during his absence she was despoiled of her virtue. It seems that her matured charms attracted the attention of her landlord, for she says that once in December, while going through his apartments to get water, she was seized by him, thrown on a bed and ravished. A few days later the act was repeated, this time on the floor, which was apparently altogether too much for the old lady's sense of propriety for as soon as her husband came home she informed him of what had occurred. All the parties in the case are simple and ignorant people.

THE probable settlement of the difference between two conspicuous citizens of Americus, in Alabama, through the code duello, is the cause of much excitement in that city. The parties interested are D. C. N. Buckhalter, a leading merchant, and Dr. John A. Fort, a leading physician of Americus. The facts appear to be that a few days ago, while Dr. Fort was talking to Mr. Buckhalter about a young lady the latter was engaged to, Fort said: "Go it, old fellow; she is the fastest girl in all this section." Seeing that Fort had been drinking, Buckhalter took no notice of it then, but on the day following accompanied by a brother of the young lady, he called upon Fort for a retraction or satisfaction. Fort refused to retract, and Buckhalter slapped Fort's face twice. Correspondence was then begun, which ended in the principals and seconds leaving for Alabama. No intelligence has been received as to their whereabouts.

REV. DELO, of Venangoboro, Pa., will soon figure in the courts as a plaintiff in a slander case. It is alleged on the part of Delo that a Mr. Sherrerd, of the same township, an influential citizen, circulated the story a few weeks ago that he, Delo, was the father of an illegitimate child. The case was arbitrated, but no award has yet been given. According to the evidence the past actions of the reverend gentleman have led thoughtful people to believe that he hasn't been leading a life becoming a minister of the gospel. His own testimony, which was characterized by a peculiar hesitancy, also gave strangers to understand that he was not strictly a moral man in every sense of the word. The defendant, Mr. Sherrerd, denied in toto the allegations, and believes it to be a concocted scheme on the part of Delo to blast his reputation, as he at one time was Delo's strongest adversary in a church quarrel, in which Delo lost a large number of his followers. The case will undoubtedly be an interesting one when it comes up for a final hearing.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Confiding in Promises, Her Ruin is Achieved, and Discovers too Late That the Author is Married.

I. Vail Hoag, Jr., of the United States Engineer's office, in Cincinnati, Ohio, under Colonel Merrill, was arrested by Detective Wappenstein under a warrant issued upon a requisition upon the Governor of Ohio by the Governor of Pennsylvania, charging him with seduction and adultery. He was taken before Judge Avery, when the matter was laid over for a few days, with a view of allowing Mr. Hoag to prepare his defense. H. C. Bassenhorst becoming his security, he was released upon \$1,500 bail.

Mr. Hoag is a well-known young man in that city, which he has made his home for quite a number of years, coming here from the East. He took a prominent part in local politics, and is one of the Board of Directors of the Young Men's Gymnasium, being one of the most active members of that body. He has been in the habit of spending his summers at Pittsburgh, and here it is that the complainant resides. The young lady is Miss Kate Leech, and she alleges that, under promise of marriage, she submitted to Hoag's advances to her ruin and disgrace. She met Hoag; it is said, at a hotel in the Smoky City, where he was stopping during a recent visit, and there she claims her seduction was wrought.

A Pittsburgh, Pa., despatch says: "Some months ago Miss Katie Leech, a beautiful young girl, aged nineteen years, of the brunette type, with long, flowing, glossy raven ringlets, large, lustrous, black eyes, and a well-developed and lovely form, became acquainted through some mutual friends with Mr. Vail Hoag. He gave her to understand that he was an unmarried man and deeply smitten with her charms. The acquaintance ripened into friendship, and then developed into love of the most ardent nature. In fact, Miss Leech finally grew to worship her lover. Hoag, who is a plausible talker and a man of attractive manners, then seduced the girl under promise of marriage. She kept continually asking him to marry her, but Hoag, from one pretext or another, kept putting off the day, and at last, to her infinite horror, the girl discovered that Hoag was a married man. Almost coincident with this discovery which blasted her hopes, Hoag disappeared from the scene. Miss Leech, then, in a fit of despair, informed her aged father, Alexander Leech, a retired tobacco dealer, of Alleghany, of her wrongs. Her parents were struck dumb; but filled with a desire that just punishment should be meted out to the destroyer of their household treasure, an information was made against Hoag for adultery and seduction under promise of marriage, before Alderman Kennedy. The case was sent to court and a true bill found against Hoag by the Grand Jury, the judicial proceedings being suppressed from the public. Detective Drewler, of this city, left for Cincinnati to secure the prisoner on Tuesday. Miss Leech is stopping at the house of her parents, in Franklin street, Alleghany, and her terrible misfortune has nearly dethroned her reason."

KENTUCKY ROUGH-RIDERS.

Their Siege of Furnace Works—Using the Persuasive Powers of Withes for Alleged Immorality.

Bands of men styling themselves Regulators have inaugurated a reign of terror in portions of Grayson and Greenup counties, Ky., by their unlawful depredations against the public. At Hunnewell Furnace, four miles below there, in Greenup county, on the Eastern Kentucky Railroad, a party of irresponsible ruffians attempted to control the business action of the Furnace Company. Failing in this, they resorted to foul means, and the Company has been obliged to arm its employees to protect its property.

Recently Mr. Sebastian Gifort, Superintendent of the Hunnewell Furnace, dispatched his son and clerk, Joseph Gifort, to Virginia to engage a force of ore-diggers. The young man returned with about forty negroes, who were at once put to work on the ore-banks. The employment of these black men incensed the so-called Regulators, and they sent notices to Mr. Gifort and his son to leave the country or suffer the penalty, death. No attention was paid to these anonymous proclamations.

One night about twelve or fifteen of the Regulators met a party of the black ore-diggers in Browntown, near the Furnace. A brisk fight ensued and several shots were fired. One of the negroes received a face wound and a Regulator named Jones received a bullet through his groin. The blacks retreated to the Furnace and claimed protection, whereupon Superintendent Gifort armed about two hundred employees of the Furnace and prepared to give the Regulators battle. Since that time the Furnace property has been watched night and day by armed men. The Regulators threaten death and the destruction of the property by fire. Eight of the band have been arrested and are in jail at Catlettsburg.

One night last week a party of the Regulators went to the house of a man named Bellamy, on the Smoky Fork of the Buffalo Fork of Tygart, in Grayson county, and calling out old man Bellamy and his three sons, adminis-

tered to each thirty-nine lashes with hickory withes, for alleged immorality. They also whipped two women living in the neighborhood for the same offense. The Regulators were masked and armed. John Snider, a son-in-law of Bellamy's was threatened with hanging, but he escaped, and is now lying out, afraid to return to his wife and family.

RESULT OF FAMILY INFELICITY.

An Aged Lady Plans a Most Deliberate Suicide—She Wills Her Body to a Doctor in Payment of a Debt.

Some time during this winter a man named Boggs, representing himself as a clergyman, was tried in the Belmont county, W. Va., court for adultery with one Agnes Racine, a white girl of French extraction, and, by denying that he was ever married to his reputed wife, he was acquitted, and, after driving his wife from home he took the girl, and their illegitimate baby, with the girl's grandmother to live with him, claiming, it is said, to be married to the girl. It appears that the old woman seemed to be rather in the way of this arrant hypocrite, and it is alleged he abused her terribly, the grand-daughter lending a helping hand liberally also. The old woman, whose name was Annie E. Jones, was a French woman, rather well educated, and about sixty-five years of age. For reasons satisfactory to herself, doubtless, she concluded to end her trials with her persecutors by deliberately suiciding, in which she displayed a courage and calm determination rarely witnessed.

On Friday morning she visited Wheeling, W. Va., and had a deed drawn up by her attorney, giving her body to Dr. Cook, of Bridgeport, in payment of a debt of seventeen dollars for professional services rendered herself and grand-daughter. The paper provided that the doctor should have immediate possession of her body after death, and that it may be disposed of as he desired for dissection by any medical college or his own private dissection. She informed one person that "she soon would make one less in the unhappy family." Having arranged all preliminaries, and signed, sealed and delivered her contract—the doctor giving her a receipt therefor—she went home and wrote a letter to a friend named Berry, with whom she once lived in Martin's Ferry, in which she informed her that before she read that she, Mrs. Jones, would be in eternity. This letter she gave to Agnes Racine, with orders to mail it to Mrs. Berry. Then asking for the keys of the house, which at first were refused her, but at last granted, she unlocked the doors of the house, threw the keys on the floor and passed out, it being about 10 o'clock P.M. Taking a stool with her, she mounted it near a post to which a clothes line was attached, and appropriating part of the cord about her neck, the other part being fast to the post, she gently slid off—her feet nearly or quite touching the ground, but the strangulation was complete, and next morning Boggs and his girl, upon rising, saw the old woman hanging dead. The coroner was summoned, and after surveying the body and hearing the testimony rendered his verdict that Annie E. Jones came to her death by her own hand deliberately and purposely planned. Dr. Cook has waived all right to the body for the time being.

A HEARTLESS WRETCH.

He Deserts His Wife, Returns at Her Death and Sells the Entire Property During the Absence of the Children.

An outrageous case of desertion was unearthed to-day. One E. W. Shepard, of Cincinnati, said to be a commercial traveler, five years ago, living here with a wife and family of two children, suddenly went from home and did not come back. After a while he turned up at New Albany, Ind., where he was living with another woman. A year and a half ago he had the effrontery to come home and ask his wife for a divorce that he might marry the Hoosier woman. Failing to get this, he undertook to get the decree surreptitiously, but was stopped by his wife. The latter gave him up, however, and she and her daughter went on with business, keeping boarders, teaching music and doing fancy work until accumulating quite an amount of personal property.

Four weeks ago the mother was taken very ill, and the man, having been telegraphed to, came on just in time to see her die. As soon as the funeral was over he set about trying to possess himself of the personal property, but was unable to do so on account of the opposition of the daughter. Pretending to be friendly, he then induced her to visit at Woodville, and in her absence disposed of every solitary scrap that could be sold, and pawned the balance, including the daughter's instrument and clothing. When the girl returned she found herself without one single article of it all, and without a place to stay over night. Shepard realized over \$1,000. He took a train for Cincinnati when leaving there.

CAPTURE OF AN ESCAPED MURDERER.

His Troubles Multiplied Through Getting into the Claws of the New York Sheriff.

Samuel Hawthorn killed Samuel McGee in his barroom in Vicksburg, Miss. He was tried and convicted, and bailed in the sum of \$15,000

to appear for sentence. He forfeited his bail, and came to New York, intending to take passage to Ireland, but was arrested at the office of the Williams and Guion Line on Friday by detectives Cosgrove and McNaught while purchasing his passage ticket.

The detectives received a telegram from Vicksburg informing them of the escape of Hawthorn, and offered a reward of \$500 for his capture. Believing the most likely place to find him would be in or about the offices of the steamship companies, they watched the different offices and succeeded in capturing him as described. He is short of stature, sandy complexion, about 30 years of age, and has a pug-nacious appearance. The circumstances in connection with his arrest having been telegraphed to Vicksburg, certain creditors sent word to their New York attorneys to attach any money or property in his possession. In accordance with their instructions the attorneys procured an attachment from Judge Donohue, of the Supreme Court of New York, against the property of Hawthorn. On Saturday the Sheriff attached the draft in the hands of the police and took the same into his custody. The prisoner will be taken back to Vicksburg on the arrival of the Mississippi officers, who are on their way here.

Hawthorn appears to be unconcerned about what disposition will be made of him. The jury having awarded the punishment which the law provides for in Mississippi, namely, imprisonment for life, Hawthorn will escape the gallows as a punishment for his crime.

CRIMES OF A CRUEL FATHER.

Fined for Abusing His Daughter and then Compelling Her to Work to Pay the Sentence.

The little village of Van Buren, situated in southeast Missouri, was thrown into great excitement on Sunday evening, the 25th day of March last, by one of those brutal assassins of a father toward a helpless daughter, which stir up the just wrath and indignation of all who sympathize with the oppressed.

On the evening mentioned, one Martha Walker, the daughter of John Walker, a blacksmith, paid a visit to a lady friend, a few blocks from home, and was spending the evening in social enjoyment, when her parents sent her word to return home, which she neglected to do for a few minutes. Her father, going to the neighbor's house, compelled her to return home at once by severe threats. No sooner did the imperative and enraged parent have time to drive his daughter home, than the whole neighborhood was alarmed and disturbed by loud cursing and beating, and the screams of a girl as if undergoing the most intense agony. Upon inquiry it was ascertained that Walker had whipped and beat his daughter with a sort of club, until she was almost ready to fall helpless with exhaustion. Her flesh was lacerated by the club in the most shocking manner.

Several citizens hastily gathered in front of the house of the heartless and demon-like parent, and, calling him out, they informed him that he was living in a civilized community and not among savages, and that if he again beat and abused any of his children in such a manner, he would be punished for his crime; but he heeded not their timely warning and made threats of further violence. Next morning he was arrested for disturbing the peace of the neighborhood—and also for the brutal assault upon his daughter—and pleading guilty, was fined. He fails to take even this as a warning to mend his ways, and says he will force his daughter, who is about 17 years of age, to remain inside his house and work till she has paid every cent of the fine and cost.

The girl for several months past has been working like a slave, out doors and in the fields, to support in idleness a worthless father and two grown vagabond brothers. The citizens are determined that such acts of barbarism as took place on last Sunday evening, shall not again be overlooked and dismissed with slight punishment; but that if need be, the black hickories, which grow in the suburbs, will be used to correct perverted nature in a parent where law has failed.

PECULIARITIES OF CHINESE SERVANTS

A certain physician, moving in the best of society of San Francisco, was called to the bedside of his wife to receive one of those presents that darning wives often give their husbands, but imagining his surprise when he found it resembled—neither himself, nor its mother, but was the exact type of the Chinese servant. At present there are but few outside of the house who know of the affair. Names for the present are omitted.

The Chinese in California have the best thing of any class of people. The most respected and high-toned women will have no other but a Chinese servant, and it is a common thing for these women to undress and dress while the Chinese servant is cleaning up the room.

Mrs. Polly Haskins, on trial for several days at Delhi, New York, charged with poisoning her husband, has been acquitted. There was quite a scene in the court-room when the verdict of the jury was announced. Two sisters of the accused burst into tears while the prisoner herself was unable to suppress her emotion.

GATHERED GLEANINGS.

MARIANNA WAJCIECHOWSKI is suing Buffalo, much to the discomfort of the Court's jaw.

THE meanest theft lately reported occurred in Jamestown, N. Y., where some base fellow has stolen several rare half dollars from an invalid gentleman's collection of coins.

A BOLD rascal went to a bank in Boston, and by representing that he was an agent for a counterfeit note detector, obtained possession of a bad \$50 bill, across whose face the word counterfeit had been written in red ink. Having removed this with acids, he made a \$2 purchase at a store and received \$48 in good money as change.

A MAN on trial for arson in Branch county, Mich., showed that the house was owned by his wife, and the judge ruled that as he occupied the house in common with her, and the State statute defines the crime of arson to be burning the dwelling of another, setting fire to the building would not constitute the crime. The accused was accordingly discharged.

A VERY ugly woman of Leavenworth obtained a very handsome man for a husband; but her success was not a source of happiness. She repeatedly heard people's expressions of wonder that so attractive a man had married so unattractive a woman, and finally became furiously angry, throwing crockery and furniture at his fine head, and eventually giving him legal grounds for divorce.

A YOUNG Canadian couple eloped the other day and were married. A few days previous the would-be groom induced a friend to take a trunk to the house of the young lady and ask permission to leave it there until he could procure a boarding place. When the friend called for the trunk the young lady had filled it with her clothing, and it was handed over to her at the railroad station.

A YOUNG woman, now in Montana, was adored at sixteen by a young man who was disliked by her parents. She reciprocated the tender feeling, but was an affectionate daughter and would not marry him. But she sternly resolved to let them know that she was a blighted being. She continued to live with her father and mother, but never spoke again. She is thirty-one now, but is still as dumb as an oyster.

DWIGHT WHEATON, the alleged murderer of James O'Neil, an engineer, who was waylaid and shot mysteriously in this city three years ago, has, it is reported, fallen heir to quite a fortune by the death of a relative in a distant state. Wheaton has been confined in the Indiana penitentiary at Michigan city for highway robbery for over a year, and during his confinement was indicted by the Grand Jury for the murder of O'Neil. It is reported that the amount of property left Wheaton is quite large.

A VERY sad and peculiar case of fatal scare has just come to light at Muncie, Ind. Recently a boy, fourteen years old, named Elder, residing a short distance west of here, was taken before the grand jury and questioned closely in reference to some matters concerning which he knew nothing. The usual threats which are put at witnesses who refuse to answer questions scared the boy until he was beside himself. Next day he was stricken down with brain fever, and died. The affair elicits much sympathy and comment unlimited.

CHRIS. HALTMAN, a trapper, who lived alone in his cabin a few miles from Moscow Mills, in Wasco county, Oregon, recently sustained a rupture while chasing a buck. He crawled through the forest for several hours and succeeded in reaching the cabin. Three weeks later his nearest neighbor having called, found Haltman in a dying condition. He faintly told of the accident, and said, "I'm nearly gone," and not long afterwards gave up the ghost. All the available surface of floor and wall within his reach was written over in charcoal. The writing proved to be his will. He had considerable gold, which he wished to be sent to relatives in the East. He never got up from the floor, and during the three weeks was unable to reach anything but a box of sugar and a bag of coffee, though he had plenty of provisions in the cupboards of the cabin.

ROBERT NEILSON is a native of Glasgow, Scotland, and is 42 years of age. He came to this country some years ago, and settled in Lansing, Mich., where he now resides. When a baby his mother was greatly troubled to put him to sleep, even when put under the influence of opiates. As he grew older this strange malady increased, so that sleep is unknown to him for periods of over four months. He retires at night the same as other people, rests well, but never closes his eyes or feels the least bit drowsy. He says: "When I go long periods without sleep the only peculiar sensation I experience is that everything I look at seems distant and larger than it really is. A short man coming toward me would apparently be very tall. Before going to sleep, I never felt different than any one probably would, on going to bed any night. I would dream little dreams, the same as most people do when restless and uneasy. Riding in the cold makes me drowsy, if anything does. In summer time, I can go long periods, and feel tip-top all the time. Last summer I did not sleep for four months, and I worked every day."

Singular Seduction.

A misstep from the paths of virtue is bound to betray the erring one, sooner or later, and yet in spite of all the sermons that are preached from the pulpits and all the examples that are shown in the newspapers, there are those who will shut their eyes to the dangers pointed out until it is too late. The latest instance of this fact has been developed at Omaha, Neb., and reveals a case which is peculiarly unfortunate. The victim in question is a girl, not out of her teens, whose family reside on Sixteenth street of that city.

For some time past two young men have maintained intimate relations with the girl, and now the natural consequences of the wrong-doing have become too apparent to be much longer concealed. Ordinarily the unfortunate girl could have recourse to the law and marriage to shield her from dishonor, but the fact that in this case such a course is impossible, leads to an explanation of a singular state of affairs which led up to this.

The two young men involved had previously formed intimate relations with the girl's mother and sister, and these women some weeks ago, one after the other, found themselves in an embarrassing situation. One of the men considered it advisable to marry the sister, and the other has promised to wed the mother—if, indeed, he has not already fulfilled such a promise.

The two newly made husbands, it is reported, will be required to assume the support of their sister-in-law and step-daughter. The parties have, up to the transpiring of this affair, been regarded as above suspicion. The case is one that teaches its own moral.

David Howell, Embezzler.

David Howell is wanted for stealing \$9,500 from the Quincy, Ill., Coal Company, at Colchester, March 10, 1881. One thousand dollars reward will be paid for the arrest of Howell and the recovery of the money, or \$500 for information that will lead to his arrest and the recovery of the money. Howell was Station Agent for the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad at Colchester for five years, and is well known by all railroad men connected with the above road. He was raised at Plymouth, a few miles south of Colchester.

Howell is about 5 feet 8 inches high, light hair, blue eyes, smooth face, weight 145 to 150 pounds, age 27 or 28 years. He leaves a wife and two children, one two years old and one a few weeks old. Howell was a man of good habits, and had the confidence of all who knew him. He did not drink, smoke or chew.

J. H. Zevely, Pious Fraud.

Another sheep in wolf's clothing has been unearthed in Wheeling, W. Va., in the person of John H. Zevely, a stencil-cutter, having his place of business on Market street. He was the superintendent of the English Evangelical Lutheran Sunday-school, the largest in the city, and known as the model school in that section. Zevely was a quiet-appearing man, and was supposed to be one of the most sanctimonious of the sanctimonious. But outside appearances are often the most deceiving, and it is found to be most decidedly such a case with Zevely.

One evening a rumor became current that he had left the town, and that he left behind him unpaid debts and several



DAVID HOWELL,

WANTED AT COLCHESTER, ILL., FOR STEALING \$9,500 BELONGING TO A RAILWAY COMPANY.

forgeries. The rumor was soon confirmed, and an awful state of affairs discovered. At the clerk's office of the Municipal Court an affidavit was found, signed by Cashier Eckhart, of the People's Bank, on which an attachment was asked, and which set forth substantially that John H. Zevely had fraudulently contracted a debt of \$328 with the People's Bank of Wheeling, and had left the state.

This was the beginning of other startling discoveries: forged notes and borrowed money amounting to nearly \$5,000 is his indebtedness. Widows, ministers, societies and business men in general were his principal victims. The police are on his track and before many days expect to capture him.



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

MISS LOUISE BAUDET,

TALENTED OPERA BOUFFE ARTISTE.

[From a Photograph by Sarony, 39 Union Square, New York.]



MRS. SLEEPER,

WHO ELOPED WITH STROBHART, AN INSURANCE AGENT AT CHICAGO.



JAMES WALSH,

MURDERER, SENTENCED TO BE HANGED MAY 20, 1881.

Strange Infatuation.

About three or four months ago James S. Blackrow, a farmer and well-known stock-raiser of Lee county, Ill., employed a fine-looking mulatto boy to do general work about the farm. He gave his name to Mr. Blackrow, when he sought employment, as Lester Krigg, and said that he had formerly resided near Lafayette, Ind.

He proved to be a faithful servant, and in a short time was installed into the good graces of Mr. Blackrow and other members of the family, particularly Mrs. Blackrow, who is described as being a woman of handsome features and good education. The tender passion was soon kindled in the bosoms of the handsome mulatto boy and the farmer's faithless wife, but it seems their amours were secretly kept to themselves.

Her husband did not suspect anything which would lead him to think that his wife had proved unfaithful to her marriage vows, and the utmost confidence was placed in Krigg, who often drove Mrs. Blackrow to town.

A few days ago they left the house together, and while Mr. Blackrow was at some of his neighbors purchasing stock, telling at the time Mrs. Blackrow's daughter that they would return home about 5 o'clock in the evening. But as they did not return at that hour Mr. Blackrow, who had returned home, became alarmed. He at once went to town, where he learned that Krigg had put up the team at a livery stable and later in the afternoon they had taken a train on the Illinois Central for Chicago or some other northern point.

Mr. Blackrow, who is an industrious and respectable citizen, is almost completely broken down with grief, and has the entire sympathy of the neighborhood in his misfortune.

Mrs. Sleeper.

An elegantly attired lady alighted from a carriage at the Armory police station, Chicago, Ill., and hurried into the captain's office. The lady gave the name of Mrs. O. C. Waite; said she was living with her son-in-law, J. M. Sleeper, at 933 West Monroe street, and that her daughter, Nellie, had run away with an insurance agent named Richard S. Strobhart, who had been boarding with them. She had noticed that Strobhart was very attentive to Nellie, and had warned her against him. Mr. Sleeper was afraid of his young wife, because she threatened to leave him if he reprimanded her. He is a salesman in the house of Carson, Pierle, Scott & Co., and provided every luxury for her, while she moved in the best society. Mrs. Waite urged the police to help her to find them, being sure they were in the city. Search,

however, at every place where it was supposed they might be failed to reveal their whereabouts.

James Walsh, Murderer.

We publish the portrait of James Walsh, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who was recently sentenced to suffer death for the murder of his sweetheart, Barbara Groenthal, in that city on May 3, 1880. Walsh is quite young, being only 19 years of age. His brother "Buck" Walsh was shot and killed recently while attempting to escape from Sing Sing where he was serving a term for burglary.



J. H. ZEVELY,

PIOUS FRAUD WHO LEFT "DISCREPANCIES" BEHIND HIM AT WHEELING, W. VA.

Miss Louise Baudet.

Among the theatrical public the reputation of Miss Louise Baudet is a familiar one. The name of this talented artiste is always placed among the foremost in opera bouffe and her rendition of the *Little Duchess* in the "Little Duke," recently, was considered very clever. Miss Baudet is a handsome brunette and her captivating manner brings her hosts of friends.

A Boston physician who advised a dyspeptic to take plenty of exercise was surprised when the patent told him that he was a letter carrier.



JIM CURRIE'S DESERVED FATE.

THE ASSASSIN OF BEN. PORTER KILLED WHILE ON A MURDEROUS SPREE AT LOS VEGAS, NEW MEXICO.



SENSATION IN CHURCH.

BANG-UP FIGHT BETWEEN AUNT AND NIECE, WITH FRIZZES AT A DISCOUNT—SUCCESS OF ANCIENT FRIPPERIES, HOLYOKE, MASS.

A Pseudo Fortune Teller.

During the past week a number of young ladies and gentlemen of the south side of Pittsburg, Pa., gave an olden-time tea party and loan exhibition, at Salisbury hall, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the purchase of a public library. The young folks worked hard all the week and succeeded admirably in entertaining the crowds who visited the hall. One source of revenue that was patronized most liberally, was a fortune teller's tent, the presiding genius of which proposed to reveal the secrets of the past, present, and future, to whom curiosity prompted them to seek her presence. In this tent occurred a little episode, which, although not down on the bills, was enjoyed hugely by one of the participants at least, and created considerable merriment among those who were made acquainted with its particulars. The incident, which was related to the writer by a gentleman who saw the whole affair, and says he will vouch for its truthfulness, is as follows:

A young gentleman who appreciates a good joke, but who was, unfortunately for himself, not well acquainted with the company present, visited the hall. As a matter of course, he found things rather dull, and was just about to take his leave, when he happened to observe several male friends in the crowd. He approached them,



REVIVING UNPLEASANT MEMORIES.

SLAVERY PRACTICES AGAIN IN VOGUE IN WEST VIRGINIA—AUCTIONING OFF POOR-HOUSE INMATES FOR STATED PERIODS TO INHUMAN MASTERS.

and just then he observed that the fortune teller for some reason had vacated her throne, and that the tent was empty. Instantly an idea, which, although somewhat perilous, if carried out successfully he knew would result in lots of fun, and, with-

out waiting to consider the consequences, he proceeded to put it in execution. His friends were invited to walk around the hall with him, and, watching his opportunity, when the fortune teller's tent was reached, he slipped inside and closed the flaps and prepared to await developments. A large cloak had been left lying on one of the chairs, and with this he enveloped his face and body completely; then he sat down, for he heard steps approaching. In a moment the flaps of the tent were pulled aside and two young ladies connected with the management of the tea party entered. As a matter of course they thought the young man was the genuine seer, but they could not see into her idea of being muffled, and so proceeded to put their arms around his neck to loosen the cloak. This struck the young man as being very nice, and determined not to be undone in politeness, he at once proceeded to encircle one supple waist with each arm, and as his arms had not been ordered expressly for the occasion he had to squeeze pretty hard to get them around. This evidently struck the young ladies as being a little queer, but they continued to busy themselves with their arms around his neck, and although the ordeal was a trying one, the pseudo fortune teller bore it like a man, and never flinched. At length the cloak became disarranged by some means, and one of the ladies caught sight of the boots on the floor. This explained the mystery of the cloaked seer, and those young ladies just paused long enough to scream once, and then dashed out of the tent as if it was on fire. The young man followed them as soon as possible, but, not deeming it safe to remain in too close proximity to the victims of his practical joke, took his departure without saying good night. He has been heard to remark since, however, that in his opinion fortune telling is the most delightful of occupations, and his friends are never tired of hearing him recite his adventure with two darlings.

Sensation in Church.

An unpleasant family scrimmage was the sensation at the Methodist church at Holyoke, Mass., on Sunday week last when a young woman, struggling for the possession of a hymn book which her aunt had, made a lively tangle of lace-collars, hairpins, flying buttons, flaxen tresses, finger nails and false teeth. The debris has since been cleaned up and the church swept, but wounded hearts and black eyes do not recover so quickly, and lacerated affections are still bleeding.

At Annapolis, Md., a seaman named Henry Jones was buried at the Naval Academy Cemetery with full naval honors. At one time he, with three others, was cast away on a raft without provisions and a hundred miles from land. At the last it was agreed that they should draw lots to see who should be the first to die that the others might have food. The lot was cast, not only once, but twice, and the human bodies were devoured until only two were left—Jones and his companion. As they were about to decide which of them should be the third sacrifice, the Sandwich Islands were sighted, and their lives were saved. This story is well authenticated by those who have known Jones all his life, but only when he was in his cups would he ever refer to it.



FIRST LESSONS IN CRIME FOR CHILDREN.

HOW THE PASSION FOR GAMBLING IS INSTILLED INTO THE MINDS OF CHILDREN IN THE POOREE SECTIONS OF NEW YORK.



A PSEUDO FORTUNE TELLER.

THINKING HE WAS THE SEERESS, TWO PITTSBURG LADIES ALLOWED THEMSELVES TO BE SQUEEZED, WHICH IS VERY AGREEABLE—TO THE YOUNG MAN.

Sporting News

SPORTING ITEMS FROM CORRESPONDENTS SHOULD BE FORWARDED EARLY IN THE WEEK TO INSURE INSERTION.

NEVADA has the base ball fever.

HALIFAX is organizing a four-oared crew.

PADDY RYAN is doing the grand in Canada.

JOE GOSS now keeps a sporting-house in Boston.

COLUMBIA will have a capital four afloat this season.

PITTSBURG has taken a back seat in aquatic matters.

IRA A. PAINE, the ex-champion wing shot, is in England.

AN athletic club was recently organized at Auburn, Cal.

MAUD S. is exercising on the roads around Cincinnati, O.

FRINGE, the trotter, has been bought by John Splan for \$6,000.

HARVARD and Yale crews are in training for their annual race.

JAMES MCGILLICK is a newly-arrived wrestler from England.

TEN BROECK has not been bought by J. R. Keene for \$70,000.

SPRINGFIELD has been backed heavily to win the Kentucky Derby.

ST. CLAUD, the trotting wonder of the Pacific slope, is coming East.

TURFMAN of San Francisco claim St. Julian will beat 2:10 this season.

MADE and Coburn fought a draw near Bay St. Louis, Miss., Nov. 30, 1871.

WASHINGTON, D. C., will put a strong nine in the field the coming season.

THE Olympic Athletic Club was recently organized in Kansas City, Mo.

WARREN E. SMITH is to be matched to row Wallace Ross for \$1,000 a side.

THE Oxford and Cambridge eight-oared shell race is to be rowed on April 8th.

TRICKETT will not come to America unless large purses are offered for a regatta.

THE Harlem Regatta Association intend to make the Spring regatta a grand affair.

THE New York yacht club will hold its spring regatta on New York bay, on June 10th.

GAUDAUR, of Toronto, will take part in the prominent regattas during the coming season.

THREE six-day pedestrian races are to be decided in New York during May, June and July.

DUFUR, of Marlboro, Mass., defeated S. Hunt of Norwood, Mass., in a mixed wrestling match.

AT Oxford University sports, F. R. Benson won the one mile running race in 4m. 33 2-5s.

THE Atlantic Yacht Club of Brooklyn will hold their spring regatta on New York Bay June 11.

EFFORTS are being made to have Joe Coburn, the ex-champion pugilist, released from Auburn Jail.

THE first fight between McCoolle and Allen was decided in favor of the former on an alleged foul.

ENGLISH bookmakers are betting \$1,000 to \$20 that P. Lorillard's Barrett will not win the Derby.

THE spring meeting of the Maryland Jockey Club will commence May 24th and continue four days.

THE Amherst College students have resolved to vigorously support their base ball team the coming season.

BURNHAM, by Bonnie Scotland, out of Sallie Crow, is considered the best-looking two-year-old on the turf.

BESSINGER and Sexton are to play 100 points, cushion caroms, at Harry Hill's on April 7th, in the afternoon.

COURTNEY has decided to row races on the water. He has been rowing races on paper long enough.

THE four-oared race between New York and Staten Island clubs will be rowed on the Kill von Kull on May 28.

THE San Francisco Club will have their opening day on April 9, and the Pacific Club are to follow April 10.

THE Passaic River Amateur Rowing Association, annual open regatta, will be held May 30th, at Newark, N. J.

JOHN CONGLE OREM is living in Montana. He has given up pugilism and is now proprietor of a traveling blacksmith shop.

WE think the great race for the Kentucky Derby will result as follows: Hindoo, first; Springfield, second; Bend Or, third.

WESTON is cut out to win the Astley Belt in England. Rowell will not probably start, and it will be fixed for Weston to win.

CHARLES PRICE, the champion English runner has posted \$50 and challenges George Hazael to run ten miles for \$200 a side.

R. W. MCLELLAN of Louisville, Ky., has purchased the 3-year-old bay filly, by Bonnie Scotland out of Summer Rose, by Muggins.

BILL DAVIS, the pugilist, is living at Wall Walla, Washington Territory. He offers to fight any man in America for \$1,000 a side.

WALLACE ROSS thinks that Boyd is the best sculler in England, and that Goodwin, a young sculler, is likely to make a good oarsman.

J. H. HOUSTON, Ashland, Ill., has bought the 4-year-old bay stallion Big Henry, by Melbourne, Jr., out of Lida Gaines, by War Dance.

A STOCK company, with a capital of \$150,000, divided into 1,000 shares, has been organized to build a race course at Covington, Ky.

A BASE BALL nine has been organized at Grand Rapids, Mich., for the purpose of playing League nines on their off days in Detroit.

LUKE BLACKBURN, the king of the running turf, has wintered well. The Dwyer brothers think he will beat all before him this season.

MIKE MCCOOLE, the ex-champion pugilist of America, is now working on the levee at New Orleans. In 1868 McCoolle was worth \$10,000.

W. H. VANDERBILT has decided that Maud S. shall trot against time this season, and an effort will be made to surpass all previous records.

FRENCH JOHNSON, the colored oarsman, is improving in health, and has gone South, where he will spend the spring with his gun and dog.

KENNEDY and Davis of Portland, Me., state that they will row any two men in the world a double-scull or pair oared race for \$4,000 a side.

ALLIS MCCARTHY, a boy seventeen years of age, won a ten-hour go-as-you-please at Scottsville, N. Y., March 25, covering 47 miles in ten hours.

AT Boston recently Tommy Drohan undertook to best Billy Edwards with the gloves but made a mistake, for Edwards warned him lively.

OHIO is to have a grand trotting circuit. Meetings will be held at Columbus on July 1st, Cincinnati July 4th to 6th, and Toledo July 12th to 15th.

NEW ORLEANS betting men complain because Mumford has been suspended, and cannot row at the next regatta unless his suspension is removed.

THE English pedestrians, H. Thatcher and A. Hancock, have made a match to run ten miles for \$125 a side, at Lillie Bridge grounds, London, April 25.

LOCKTON, the champion runner of the London Athletic Club, has retired. The reason is because Myers, the champion amateur, is going to England.

BOGARDUS is going to England to shoot a match against Dr. Carver at 100 birds for \$2,000. After Bogardus arrives Carver will not put up the stakes.

A. C. SMITH, the colored heavy-weight pugilist of East Saginaw, Mich., has posted a forfeit and challenged Jim Barnes of Jackson, Mich., to fight for \$500.

THE great cooking main between Louisiana and Georgia was won by the latter's fowls. Seventeen battles were fought at \$200 each, and \$2,000 the odd fight.

AT San Francisco, May 14, there will be a six-day go-as-you-please for the Cotton Diamond Belt now held by W. L. Scot and challenged for by George E. Wilcox.

HERMAN OELRICHS, rear commodore of the New York Yacht Club, has offered a cup valued at five hundred dollars, to be sailed for during the next cruise of the club.

EPH MORRIS, who is now in business in Pittsburg, Penn., instead of retiring from aquatics, has in contemplation a challenge to some of our prominent oarsmen.

J. M. FRENCH of Detroit, a good judge of a trotter, and owner of Cozette, record 2:19, was the purchaser of Patchen for \$2,450 at the combination sale in New York.

BROOKLYN, ch. g. (4 years), by imp. Bonnie Scotland, dam Moselle, by Jack Malone, out of Gazelle, by imp. Albion, is looking fine, and has improved greatly on his three-year-old form.

EFFORTS are being made to induce the French billiard expert, Vignaux, to visit this country, and if he comes, it is proposed to give him matches with Slosson, Schaefer and Sexton.

It appears that C. L. Lockton, the London, Eng., Athletic Club runner will not contend against L. E. Myers, the American amateur wonder, during the latter's approaching visit to England.

AT Camp Sheridan, Neb., recently, in a four-hour go-as-you-please, Private Smith, Company M, covered twenty-four miles and won the race, defeating several members of the Fifth Cavalry.

CLARENCE WHISTLER defeated James McLaughlin in a Græco-Roman wrestling match at Troy, N. Y., recently. Expenses, \$130; receipts, \$110. Whistler won the first fall in 12m. and second in 20m.

AT Boston, Mass., on the 28th ult., Jimmy Kelly and Jerry Murphy fought, Queensbury Rules, at Boston for a purse. The battle ended in a draw, after 12 rounds had been fought in 1 hour and 2 minutes.

WHEN are Muldoon and McMahon going to decide their wrestling match? The public paid to witness them wrestle and prove who was the best man, and they will pay again if the rival champions will only wrestle.

MICHAEL DONAHUE, the light-weight collar and elbow wrestler of New York, announces that he will wrestle any man in the world, collar and elbow holds, at 135 pounds, for \$500 to \$1,000 a side, best three in five falls.

LARRY HART, with Mintzer, Redman, Memento, Captain Wraggle and Bravo, and Colonel D. McDaniel, with Guy, King Nero and three others, have arrived from Augusta, at the track of the Nashville Blood Horse Association.

AT Sangelito, Cal., the single scull between Stevenson, of Vallejo, Cal., and Colford, of Victoria, British Columbia, for \$1,000, three miles, was won by Stevenson in 20m. 58s. Colford upset after rowing one and a half miles.

S. C. PHILLIPS, handler of the celebrated blind pacer Sleepy Tom—record, 2:12 1-4—has leased the Stephens track at Washington, C. H., Ohio, for the season. He will handle, besides Tom, Lady Rolf and several other prominent flyers.

JOHN MCMAHON, the champion wrestler, called at this office on the 4th inst., and desired us to state that he was ready to wrestle Wm. Muldoon for \$250 or \$500, and allow him the privilege of naming St. Louis, Cleveland, Chicago and Cincinnati.

ENGLISH sporting papers claim that Eugene Merrill, the champion amateur walker, who is going to England with Myers, does not walk fair. He walks fairer than Perkins, Thatcher, or Hancock. So there will be no excuse for them to disqualify him if he can win.

CLARENCE WHISTLER wants to wrestle William Muldoon for the Græco championship and Muldoon must wrestle him or give up the title. Whistler offers to wager \$500 against \$300 and will meet Muldoon at the Police Gazette office at any time to arrange matters.

It is said that Hindoo can beat Luke Blackburn, and further that the king of the running turf in a trial was beaten by Hindoo. We don't think there is a

horse on the turf with weight for age up can beat Luke Blackburn. We will believe Hindoo can beat Blackburn when it is done in public.

J. R. KEENE's Marshal Macdonald and Mr. P. Lorillard's Barrett and Santee, 3-year-olds, have been entered for the Horse Heath Stakes, last 6 furlongs of the Bunbury mile, to be run during the Newmarket July meeting, this year, and also in the Singleton Stakes, run over the new mile, at Goodwood, on July 29 next.

A NOVEL match was decided at London, Eng., recently, in which Henry Howe attempted to carry a two-gallon bottle, neck downward, on his bare head, the diameter of the neck not measuring more than two inches, and walk two hours against Wm. Perkins, the ex-champion, the latter allowing Howe 3 1-2 miles start.

CHAS. KAVANAGE, the pugilist, better known as Harry Hill's "wire man" is one of the heroes of the brave Custer's Seventh Cavalry. He was at the battle of the Big Horn when Custer was killed. He has been engaged as doorkeeper for Harry Hill, and stands ready to meet all pugilists anxious to put on the gloves.

THE backers of Paddy Ryan claim that his hands are tied at present, being hunted by the West Virginia authorities, but as soon as the matter is settled Ryan will meet Sullivan and fight him sooner than any man living for any amount and the championship. In the meantime Sullivan will have to look for other pugilists.

AT San Francisco, Cal., on May 21, there is to be a ladies' handicap six-day pedestrian race, in which Amy Howard gives Millie Young, Belle Sherman and Madame La Chapelle 10 miles, and 20 miles to any other contestant hailing from the Pacific Coast. The cash prizes aggregate \$1,200, but no contestant who does not cover 320 miles, exclusive of handicap distance, will get anything.

DWYER Brothers will have a strong racing stable the coming season. Luke Blackburn is as fine as he ever was, and will show wonderful speed. The Dwyers will send their three-year-old bay colt, Hindoo, by Virgil, dam Florine, to the South this spring to run for the Kentucky Derby and other races out there, keeping Ripple, Dodette, Bliss and their other three-year-olds, to take care of the stakes in the East.

GEORGE ROOKE, the middle-weight champion pugilist, is to be tendered a benefit at Terrace Garden, on April 25. All the champion boxers will appear. The feature of the show will be a set-to between Mike Donovan and George Rooke. It will be remembered these pugilists were matched last May to fight for \$1,000 and the middle-weight championship, but the battle did not take place. Donovan thinks he can "best" Rooke, so there will be a lively bout between these rivals.

D. E. ROSE, the popular manager of athletic tournaments, who gave the Rose Diamond Belt for female pedestrians and the Diamond Belt won by Frank Hart at Madison Square Garden, has been giving large purses and prizes to pedestrians on the Pacific Slope. He has returned to this city and has decided to build a mammoth pavilion near the Iron Pier on Coney Island which will be fitted up with every convenience. He intends laying a track for pedestrians and will give a large amount in prizes to both male and female pedestrians in a series of contests during the coming season. D. E. Rose's scheme embraces a series of professional and amateur walking and running events, commencing on June 19 and closing on or shortly before October 1, which will be held in a mammoth pavilion now in course of erection adjacent to the iron pier. The chief event will be a six-day-go-as-you-please race for a new diamond and gold belt and money prizes, which will commence July 17, while an eighty-four-hour race competitors to travel twelve hours daily, will commence July 3. For full particulars see advertisement.

"THE Champions of the American Prize Ring."

Opinions of the press. A handsome volume published by Richard K. Fox, New York, contains full page portraits of all the champions elegantly engraved.—N. Y. Sunday News.

"The Champions of the American Prize Ring" is the first work of its kind ever published in this country and will doubtless be largely perused by the fraternality.—Turf, Field and Farm.

The only attempt to place on record a complete and connected history of Tom Hyer and his successors who held the championships of America. The book is filled with excellent likenesses of the men, and those who are in any way interested in the prize ring should get a copy of the book.—N. Y. Sportsman.

"Flatcuffs;" Richard K. Fox, New York, has recently issued under this title a handsomely illustrated work which should be a text book for the "Fancy"—N. Y. Sunday Times.

"The Champions of the American Prize Ring" is a new and handsome work issued by the POLICE GAZETTE, edited and arranged by William E. Harding.—N. Y. Star.

IN a room in New York, on March 31, Captain Morris Grant, the colored giant pugilist of the Empire, and Charley Cooley of Providence, R. I., fought with hard gloves according to the London prize ring rules, for a purse of \$500. About 250 sporting men paid \$5 a ticket to witness the battle. Cooley stands 6 feet 1 1-2 inches, and weighed 270 pounds before training, and 185 pounds afterward. He was born in Providence, R. I. Grant was born on St. James Island, S. C., and stands 6 feet 1 1-2 inch. He weighed 280 pounds before training, but brought himself down to 185 for the ring. He is a veteran pugilist, having fought and whipped a man of his own color by the name of Hyer soon after his arrival in this city, which brought him into prominence as a good fighter. Besides this he has had a number of rough and tumble fights, in all of which he was the winner. His last encounter was at Harry Hill's about a year ago, with a black man known as "Dangerous Jack," which ended in a draw. The fight began at 10:05, and Grant was first to appear with his seconds, Ellis Humphrey and William Hedges. Cooley was attended by Peter Maguire and Tom Keenan. Dick Hollywood was referee. Before the fight began the gloves were examined to see that there was no rosin or tar-pentine upon them. Cooley led off at Grant's head, but missed, and in an instant they were at close quarters. After five rounds had been fought, Cooley came up for the sixth round, bleeding at the nose and mouth, and first blood was claimed for Grant and allowed. Cooley returned hit for hit, and this was continued for a minute all over the ring, until Grant gave Cooley one on the neck, when he went down, and when time was called Cooley declined to come to the scratch again, and Grant was declared the winner, amid the boisterous cheers of all present.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, the Boston giant pugilist, had a benefit at Harry Hill's Theatre on March 31st, the feature of which was an offer of \$50 for any man to box with him four rounds according to the rules of the Marquis of Queensbury, which are rounds of three minutes each, with one minute between each round. During the afternoon, while the sparring was going on between the volunteers, Dick Hollywood appeared with Steve Tay-

lor, and stated to the audience that Taylor was there to accept the challenge of Sullivan. Sullivan then stepped on the stage, the former being seconded by Billy Madden and Steve Taylor by Dick Hollywood, Matt Grace being appointed referee. Harry Hill officiated as timekeeper. When the men were ready Harry Hill called Time, and the men walked to the scratch, Steve Taylor assuming a defensive position, while Sullivan held his hands very low. Sullivan did not wait for ceremony, but instantly went at Taylor, delivering right and left heavy blows each side of Taylor's head, and so rapidly were they delivered that parrying them was an impossibility, and Taylor was knocked up against the wall, and there he stood taking hit after hit, first on one side of his head and then the other, without returning. He was knocked down three times, and fell without a blow twice by order of Hollywood, who each time called "foul," which, of course, was not allowed, the foul being by the wrong party. After being knocked down the last time there was great confusion, and, it being evident that he had no chance with his powerful antagonist, some people jumped on the stage to stop the performance. When they discovered that Taylor was not marked, and was only stupified by the hard hitting he had received, order was again established, and after one minute's time the men were again called to the scratch. Sullivan rushed at Taylor as before, and after three or four blows had him against the scenery once more, where he administered left and right swinging hits on each side of Taylor's head until Hollywood threw up his handkerchief in token of defeat. The \$50 which Sullivan had deposited in Harry Hill's hands for the man who could stand up before him four rounds were then returned Sullivan, who received several bursts of loud cheers, and the assemblage dispersed. Sullivan is a powerful hitter, but his blows seem to be all round handed, and with a good, straight hitter like Tom Hyer was, who would hit with him, he would not show off to such advantage. As it is he is the champion.

THE New York Sunday News, April 3, published the following: Who is the champion heavy-weight pugilist of America? Is it at present an open question? Paddy Ryan of Troy, New York, won the title by defeating Joe Goss at Collier's Station, West Virginia, last June. Since Ryan has been repeatedly challenged by the latest pugilistic phenomenon, John L. Sullivan of Boston, but has not replied to the challenge. Sullivan, however, has not complied with the general rule necessary in all matches, the posting of a forfeit; consequently Ryan has had a good excuse for not accepting the challenge. On the other hand Ryan's backers claim that the West Virginia authorities are hunting him to prosecute him for fighting on West Virginia soil. Therefore it is impossible for him to arrange a match, as he could not train for fear of being arrested. There is this about the matter: If Ryan was eager to fight Sullivan, there is only one place of fighting; that is Canada, and there are plenty of isolated places in the Dominion, where a pugilist can train, and if no publicity was given to the affair, he would not be molested. Under these circumstances, Ryan has no excuse for not meeting Sullivan, except that the latter has failed to put up a forfeit. To settle this matter, Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, offers to match Sullivan, the Boston giant, to fight Paddy Ryan at catch-weight, according to the new rules of the London prize ring, for \$1,000 a side and the heavy-weight championship of America. He will also offer a champion belt—*fac simile* of the belt Heenan and Sayers fought for—to the winner. The trophy is to represent the championship of America, and the winner of the belt will have to defend the trophy, according to the rules that governed the champion belt of England. All matches for the belt to be made at the POLICE GAZETTE office, and Richard K. Fox is to be final stakeholder in all matches and to select a referee. The match between Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan can be made any time Ryan's backers come to the POLICE GAZETTE office and post a forfeit of \$250 and sign articles of agreement. Sullivan's stakes are ready at any time. Should Paddy Ryan not accept, now Sullivan's money is posted, the latter can claim the championship of America. Sullivan stands 5 feet 11 1-2 inches in height; he was born at Boston, is 22 years of age and weighs 212 pounds. A battle between Ryan and Sullivan would create a furore in the sporting world on both sides of the Atlantic. Richard K. Fox means business, and is eager and anxious to find out who is the champion pugilist of America.

AT Turn Hall, New York, on the 31st ult., Clarence Whistler, the Wrestling Demon, and H. M. Dufur, of Marlboro, Mass., wrestled a catch-as-catch-can match with jackets, for \$250 a side. The affair was one of the best matches ever seen in this city. There was no "hippodroming" about it. About 200 persons witnessed the struggle. Harry Hill was referee, while W. E. Harding, Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, was umpire for Dufur, and "Johnny" Magillick, a newly arrived Lancashire wrestler, for Whistler. Dufur is a champion collar-and-elbow wrestler, stands 6 feet 1 inch, and weighs 192 pounds. In the first bout Dufur displayed great agility and "back-heeled" Whistler, winning the first fall. In the second bout Dufur again back-heeled Whistler, but failed to put him fair on two shoulders and one hip, which must strike the ground at once to constitute a fall. Whistler rolled on his man, and would not let him rise or get away, and after a severe Græco-Roman effort laid his weight on Dufur's chest and pumped him flat down on the carpet, winning the fall. The third bout lasted five minutes, and was a repetition of the second, excepting that there were two desperate struggles while the men were in a grape-vine lock. At the end of the second lock both men fell all in a heap, and Whistler, having his man down, got a body grip, and turned and pumped him till his shoulders and a hip touched the carpet. Whistler had now won two falls out of three in five and Dufur one fall. In the fourth bout, after one or two other sharp grape-vine encounters, both men fell heavily, driving off the carpet on to the bare planks of the stage with a perfect crash, Dufur undermost. Whistler had caught his opponent's leg again, and the fall was a plunge. Whistler hung to him like a tiger, and got Dufur's left arm behind his back, and was almost turning it out of the socket in the effort to turn him over. The men were so entangled, however, that Whistler's own body and legs prevented Dufur's body from turning. Still Whistler wrenched the arm, and Dufur cried out aloud: "Don't break my arm." The referee and umpires clustered over the prostrate men, and Dufur was in such pain that he tried to go over on his back to relieve the intense pain in his arm. Again he cried: "He's breaking my arm!" and the referee asked: "Do you give up?" "Yes, yes, I give up," gasped Dufur, but Whistler's intensity in the struggle was so great that he did not hear the cry for quarter, and the referee and his umpire decided the fall and the match in Whistler's favor. Dufur went to his dressing-room, declaring that his arm was broken, and there was a call for a doctor from the audience, but none responded. A doctor was finally sent for, and he pronounced the arm not broken, but it was so terribly sprained in the biceps and shoulder-joint that it was powerless. Dufur claimed that he would wrestle no more catch-as-catch-can contests, but stick to his legitimate style of wrestling—collar and elbow.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ALL LETTERS IN REGARD TO SPORTING MATTERS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO WM. E. HARDING, SPORTING EDITOR OF THE POLICE GAZETTE, 183 WILLIAM STREET, N. Y.

SPORTING.

Ed DORNEY, Chicago, Ill.—We will use your picture when we have space.

T. M., Wilsonville.—If you will let us know at what distance, we will answer you.

P. W., Buffalo, N. Y.—Tom King, the pugilist who fought John C. Heenan, is still living.

H. W., Kalamazoo.—Bill Poole was fatally shot early on the morning of Feb. 25, 1855, and died on March 8 following.

H. M., Philadelphia, Pa.—James Renforth, the champion oarsman of England, on Aug. 23, 1871, died at St. John, N. B.

P. W., Leadville.—Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan fought for \$10,000. It is the largest sum ever fought for in the world.

RODERICK, Boston, Mass.—James Owens defeated Jacob H. Martin in a collar-and-elbow wrestling match in this city May 29, 1877.

SALPERINO, Austin, Texas.—1. Tim Heenan, brother of John C. Heenan, was shot at Philadelphia on June 11, 1868. 2. He died on June 14, 1868.

M. G., Cincinnati.—1. John Howard made the longest running broad jump on record. 2. He covered 29 feet 7 inches. 3. At Chester, Eng., May 8, 1874.

H. W. M., Nashville, Tenn.—1. You are right. The Dwyer Brothers paid Daniel Swigert \$15,000 for Hindoo. 2. We think Hindoo will win the Kentucky Derby.

S. W., Port Huron, Mich.—The Police GAZETTE will hold stakes for any sporting event, and all matches can be arranged through the Police GAZETTE office.

G. W., Germantown, Pa.—1. John McDevitt made the longest run at the four-ball billiard game at Chicago, Ill., Sept. 16, 1863. 2. In a match with Joseph Dion he ran 1,458.

H. W., Port Huron, Mich.—Bill Hayes and Mike Madden fought at Edenbridge, Eng., on July 17, 1849. The battle lasted 65 min., and is the longest battle ever fought in England.

P. W., Chicago, Ill.—Sam Hurst, the Staly Bridge Infant, stood 6 feet 2-1/2 inches in height and weighed 250 lbs. He challenged John Morrissey to fight after the latter defeated Heenan in 1858.

PIGEON SHOT, Oakland.—Col. Bogardus broke 5,500 glass balls in 7 hr. 19m. 2s. at New York, Dec. 23, 1879. 2. W. F. Carver broke 5,500 out of 6,222 in 7m. 30m. 30s. at Brooklyn, N. Y., July 13, 1878.

P. W., Olean, N. Y.—The men who drove the ninety-mile race from Montreal to Sorel and back are Arsene Courville and Mr. Emond, butcher. Courville made the distance in nine hours and Emond in nine hours and 30 minutes.

S. W., Port Dover, Canada.—1. Hamilton, of Fredonia, N. Y., is the champion jumper. 2. At New York, on December 23, 1879, Bogardus attempted to break 5,500 glass balls inside of 7 hr. 30m. 30s. 3. Bogardus used a shot-gun, stood 15 yards from the traps and smashed the 5,500 balls in 7 hr. 19m. 2s.

SAM, Lansingburg, N. Y.—1. About 2,700 people witnessed the prize fight between John Morrissey and Yankee Sullivan. 2. On May 30, 1887, Deaf Burke and Sam O'Rourke fought near New Orleans, and the former was proclaimed the winner by general consent, but O'Rourke's Hibernian friends interfered, and a very miscellaneous row ensued.

M. C. P., Burlington, Vt.—How can we prove the race was a sham? The Sporting Life, London, claimed they held the \$10,000 stake money, and the majority of the sporting papers endorsed it as a genuine contest. 2. Hart challenged Rowell, but since backed down. 3. It does not seem possible, at present, for America to produce a man to beat Rowell.

DAN, Chicago.—R. A. Pennell elevated a 10 lb. dumb-bell 8,431 times in 4 hr. 34m., bell to be put up not less than 25 times per minute, in a match with Rudolph Shack, at New York, Dec. 13, 1870. 2. Richard A. Pennell has elevated a 20 lb. dumb. 3. He used both hands to raise the bell to the shoulder, then pushing it slowly up with one hand until the arm was fully extended and the body brought to an erect position.

SPORTING MAN, Norfolk, Va.—We did not witness the Sullivan and Morrissey fight, therefore cannot decide. The Police GAZETTE's report says: "At the 36th round Morrissey yet seemed to sink, and Sully got more saucy and efficient. Morrissey's mind seemed to wander, and although the tallest man, he could not set his guard high enough. On the call for the 37th round, Morrissey's wonderful powers of endurance seemed to have taken a new lease. Sullivan got in, as usual, on the old spot at the sore cheek. Morrissey then dashed after him, rushed him to the ropes, and gave him the worst kind of pugilistic pepper. Sullivan, by a brilliant manoeuvre in wrestling, managed to clear himself. Morrissey's seconds seemed to think that Sullivan's seconds deserved the credit of this clearance. This misunderstanding led the seconds of each man into a general fight on their respective accounts, and Sully himself took a hand in among the outside music. During the confusion "time" was called. The usual eight seconds additional were allowed, and then two or three full minutes besides. Morrissey now, having never left his post of duty, was hailed as the winner, and Mr. Allaire, the referee, pronounced a decision in his favor, completing the 37 rounds in 55 minutes.

BUSINESS.

R. W. O., Montgomery, Ala.—Answered by mail.

C. S. M.—Wrote by mail. Try and send portraits.

W. H. DAYSON, Donaldsonville, La.—See published account.

J. E. S., Bridgewater, Pa.—Wrote by mail. Try and obtain photos.

J. B. McC., Montreal, Ca.—See item. Would rather have portraits.

B. F. M., Waynesboro, Ga.—Cannot use your affair; too local. Prefer photos.

H. G. C., Donaldsonville, La.—If not too crowded next week we will insert portrait and remit.

C. S. M., Oswego, N. Y.—Your "life like" sketches are most respectfully declined, with thanks for trouble.

J. C. B., Van Buren, Mo.—Thanks. See account. If anything further takes place send the portraits of the parties.

W. A. W., Frederick, Md.—Much obliged for photo. Cannot use it just yet. Always send clipping enclosed with portraits.

JOHN WELLMORE.—Cannot at present use your sketch, as we have published a few weeks ago something very similar. Send us anything good along.

A. B. T.—Your article is a mere copy from accounts published in other papers. You surely do not expect pay for a copy. If you send us the portraits of the parties we will remit.

NEWS DEALER, Lynn, Mass.—This paper is the Police GAZETTE and has no connection with any other journal published in America. It has no branch office in Boston or any other city or village in the United States. News agents when sending orders to their news companies should be very careful to state that they want the Police GAZETTE of New York, and will not receive any inferior illustrated newspaper that may be sent them. All subscriptions to be sent direct to Richard K. Fox, publisher, New York.

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